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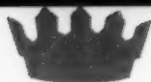
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Henri Matisse (1869-
).
Petit Palais, Paris

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



OCTOBER, 1938
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6



CORONET

for
OCTOBER
1938

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THE CURSE OF TONGUES

DEMOSTHENES USED PEBBLES TO CURE IT, BUT
TEN MILLION AMERICANS NEED SPEECH CLINICS



Do you envy royalty and its pomp and circumstance, its ritual airs and graces? Then you may congratulate yourself that in one respect you are more fortunate than King George VI. Or do you enjoy Jane Froman's voice to the point of hopelessly wishing that you could sing like that? You may console yourself with the knowledge that you, at least, can always talk offstage without a struggle.

Jane Froman couldn't—until she went to Hollywood, and had to learn how not to stutter when she spoke.

In that respect, if not in certain others, you are also more happily endowed than were Leonardo da Vinci, Charles Darwin, Charles Lamb and François de Malherbe—or than 4,000,000 school-age children and 6,000,000 adults are in these United States. For, like Jane Froman and George VI, Leonardo was a stutterer; and the French poet, the English essayist and the father of the theory of evolution suffered from related speech defects.

Demosthenes, who also "stammered," is popularly supposed to have cured himself of that disability

by rehearsing his orations through mouthfuls of pebbles before an audience of restless Mediterranean waves. But when George VI was crowned King of Great Britain and Emperor of India last year a speech specialist faced him to prevent the royal tongue from stumbling. Foreign correspondents reported:

"Lionel Logue, an Australian specialist, was in the Abbey to keep the King from stammering, and succeeded. Logue has worked long and patiently with the King and virtually eliminated the stammer that has harassed the monarch since babyhood. He was rewarded in the Coronation list with a membership in the Royal Victorian Order."

Specialists correcting speech disorders in the United States have not yet been rewarded with Presidential recognition or Congressional citations. Nor have they virtually obliterated the stuttering or other speech defects that harass 10 per cent of America's school-age children.

The average sensible citizen is apt to stand up at this point, and demand: "So what? People have always stut-

tered, but many get over it. Some children lisp, and often it's cute and amusing."

The answer is brief, simple and astonishing:

Speech defective children in the United States outnumber crippled, blind and deaf children combined. There are more children who stutter than there are blind or deaf children together. Stutterers comprise 1 per cent of the school population and all types of speech defectives 10 per cent of it.

These are the figures of the American Speech Correction Association (university clinicians, public school speech teachers and a few accredited private physicians). The National Industrial Conference Board estimates a definite loss by speech defectives of 35 per cent in potential earnings, or from \$9 to \$25 a week per person. And Dean E. W. Lord of Boston University's College of Business Administration asserts that the national income is \$6,300,000,000 less than it would be if all speech defectives were normal articulators.

But statistics, having only a formal acquaintance with the humanities, cannot chart the losses in social and personal advantages and satisfactions from which speech defective children and adults alike suffer. The child thus handicapped is a defective reader, writer and speller, and cannot take part satisfactorily in oral recitation. He and his adult prototype tend to become introverted. Their personality

deviations result in undesirable behavior patterns detrimental to normal development. They often live in a world of daydreams, a problem difficult to eliminate at the adult age.

Speech disorders can be even more disastrous. Children laughed at by their schoolmates for stuttering or lisping have become psychopathic cases. Extreme stutterers or oral inactives have been considered idiots by uncomprehending parents or teachers—classed with morons and imbeciles when, in truth, their really normal intelligences could not be expressed across inherited or acquired speech-blocks.

There are three general types of speech defect: stuttering, articulatory disorders, and aphasia. (Lisping, letter substitution and oral inactivity are all phases of one essential difficulty—articulation. "Stammering" is simply stuttering under a *nom de guerre*.) Despite a closely approximate figure for stutterers, speech correctionists do not yet know what the proportionate distribution is among these groups. Their total of 10,000,000 speech defectives was reached by the sampling method.

While he admits that "any classification of speech disorders must at present be tentative and imperfect," Dr. Lee Edward Travis, professor of psychology at the State University of Iowa and head of the University's speech clinic, simplifies the usual grouping under two headings: stuttering and articulatory disorders, and disorders of symbolic formulation and

expression. Among the foremost authorities on the subject in this country, Dr. Travis says:

"Articulatory disorders are characterized mainly by the inability to produce, or to produce accurately, speech sounds, whether by themselves or in connected discourse. Stuttering is characterized by the repetition of sounds, words or phrases, and by partial or complete blocks of any given sound. It consists essentially of a disturbance in the rhythm of verbal expression."

A child who stutters because his parents or teachers tried to make him right-handed when he was naturally left-handed, or who lisps or substitutes letters because of a cleft palate or an abnormal uvula, doesn't necessarily suffer from defective intelligence. He usually has a normal or better than normal I. Q. In earlier centuries he would have been classed as a fool by the authorities and made to amuse the Knights of the Round Table or fag for the King's Jester. But we shall probably continue to live in the 20th century unless the Fascists catch up with us and make us all think with our emotions and believe with our blood.

Stuttering probably is not hereditary, but a predisposition to stutter probably is; and instinctive left-handedness (misguided attempts to "correct" it are a frequent cause of stuttering) often is inherited. Pathological conditions before or at birth, natal injuries, difficulties in starting breathing, or slowness in learning to

sit up, talk, walk, etc., indicate a basis for later stuttering. So do serious diseases in infancy and childhood, especially if they involve prolonged high fever or definite injury to the nervous system.

Stuttering also may be caused by defects of teeth, tongue, palate or throat, or by imitation of other stutterers. Twenty-six school children recently were found to be acquiring a decided lisp from their teacher. Such conditions are among the reasons why every candidate for a teacher's certificate in New York must pass an examination in speech habits before a license to teach will be issued.

Effective treatment of speech disorders, originating in studies of personality and psychology by Freud, Jung and Adler, was first seriously attempted in Vienna and Zurich, and was introduced into the United States by Americans who studied at the European clinics.

The earliest American clinic was established at Teachers' College, Columbia University, in 1923, and others were soon organized. Funds have been provided on a State-aid basis to local schools for speech correction classes by New York, Pennsylvania, California, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and, to some extent, Illinois. New York City, Minneapolis, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago (where twelve teachers recently were trying to do work that required fifty), Evanston, Illinois, Gary, Indiana, and most of the cities in Wisconsin have matched

state funds to support the widening drive against defective speech.

Corrective techniques involve considerably more patience and ingenuity than are required of the classroom teacher. To describe them would be to compile a volume of case histories: for while speech correctionists follow definite procedures, each child's disability must be diagnosed separately and corrective strategies adapted to it.

But the chief worry of the speech correction teacher is not the need for ingenuity and patience. It is the sound of "Quack! Quack!" that is heard in the land. For the legitimate profession of speech correction and its accredited correctionists are dogged by the predatory forays of private "practitioners" who guarantee quick and sure "cures" in return for large and prompt payments of money.

Two public school speech teachers from another Indiana city visited such a practitioner's office in Indianapolis, the State capital, and a city that had not accepted State-aid funds for speech classes in its schools. A woman in the waiting room, mistaking the visiting teachers for prospective patients, voiced a dawning skepticism concerning the doctor. She confessed that she had mortgaged and finally sold her home in order to obtain enough money to pay him for treating her grown son, who because of a pronounced stutter was unable to find employment. The youth had been undergoing treatment for several months and was no nearer a cure than

he had been when the treatments began.

These speech quacks, scattered throughout the country, have been doing business at their old stands for years. They run advertisements in cheap magazines, demanding: "Do you Stammer?" (To the speech teacher trained in accredited university clinics the correct term is "stutter.")

But the quickest and surest way to recognize and avoid the speech correction faker is by his ready assurance of a prompt and positive cure—an assurance which no honest speech pathologist will give. Dr. Travis is authority for the statement, with which other responsible speech teachers and clinicians agree, that it takes from six months to six years, or longer, to cure a speech defect—and that the correctionist has no means of knowing in advance, or even after competent diagnosis, how long it will take or whether a cure can be effected at all.

Under existing State and Federal statutes there seems to be as little opportunity to control quack speech correctionists as there is to curb the activities of the big and little patent-medicine fakers who still infest the slums of the drug trade. The one unclouded prospect for America's 10,000,000 speech defectives is the steady trend toward establishing more and more university clinics and public school classes for studying, and perhaps in time eliminating, this "curse of tongues."

—JAYNE SHOVER & LOUISE STEPHENS

MY COUSIN HUGO

WHAT IS THERE LEFT FOR A MAN UPROOTED
BUT TO WEEP AT HIS FATE—OR TO SMILE?



I SAW Hugo's smile before I saw Hugo. There, even in the smoke and clatter of the station, the idea came to me that something in my cousin Hugo wanted very much to smile. When his glistening teeth showed and his eyes danced, then his entire face appeared harmonious. But now and again that smile fluttered. And came to rest.

All this time, we were talking about practical things. Because my German was poor and Hugo's English fresh out of the little red lexicon held in his spread palms, I shouted at him, vaguely feeling that if I could just speak loudly enough, he would of necessity understand.

This made Hugo in my thinking, not so much a refugee from Hitler's fury, as a deafened man. In many ways Hugo behaved like a person without hearing; yet when he turned to address little Anna, his gold-toothed wife, or Wilhelm and Gretchen, his bowing and heel-clicking children, he spoke clearly in a low voice and with a neat emphasis that made his flood of German ripple pleasantly.

Deafness seemed to surround him

chiefly in crises, like the one in which the transfer agent stated the price for delivery of Hugo's trunks and bags and boxes—"forty-t'ree pieces." At that moment, when I saw my cousin's smile did not waver, I shouted at him and at the listeners staring at the American woman and the German man, that I would make other arrangements.

"Other arrangements" was a phrase Hugo learned quickly. We said it when we heard what the rooming-house proprietor would charge to shelter four people. We said it dozens of times when we looked at apartments.

Anna would walk through the hollow rooms, chanting, "Gretchen's room. Wilhelm's room. Our room. Lifting room. Kitchen." It was all her English, but it was excessive for the cramped little place we finally selected. She learned to say, "Children's room. Our room. Lifting room. Kitchen. *Ya. Ya. Gut.*"

At last I got Hugo a job—a "chob," he called it, and beamed proudly. I went to his home to tell him; but I found that my tongue was frozen.

I looked for a while at the etching on his wall inscribed with deferential greetings from the Mayor of his native city, curlicued gratitude because Hugo, then the town's foremost attorney, had by his legalistic efforts saved the life of an innocent man.

Then I turned and yelled at him. "The job. It is in a butcher shop. To sweep the floor and clean the icebox."

He smiled.

I said it all over again.

"I understand," he answered me—and smiled. "I haf a chob."

"You will sweep the floor with a wide broom," I said as loudly as I could, "and scatter sawdust."

My voice cracked a little. He must have seen the moistness of my eyes.

"No, no, no, no!" he rumbled, his voice comforting me as if I were a child in pain. "It iss all right. Already I haf so many changements. It iss gut! A chob in America iss gut. Fine. Anna, qvick! Ve celebrate!"

Anna brought out crystal glass mugs, and the three of us divided a bottle of beer.

"Yess," he said, "many changements. But a chob iss gut. It iss not like 1914. Like going to war! Dot vass nodding to be happy."

"How long were you in the war?" I asked.

"1914 to 1920," he answered. "In 1918 I vass taken. I vass in captivity."

"What did you do while you were in captivity?"

"First—concentration camp. Den dey put us on a farm in Belgium. I—

how you say?—I took the milk away from the cattles."

"You milked the cows," I shouted.

"I milked de cows," he repeated dutifully.

"What did you do when you went home?"

"Universitate. I vass already old. Den, I vass attorney."

"Those were happy years, I suppose."

"Yess," he said, but his smile dimmed.

"Your mother is my Aunt Louisa, isn't she?" I asked.

"Yess. Yess." He was smiling again.

"She has no children left in Germany?"

"I am now her only child. My brother iss dead. And my father. She hass no one in Germany. In her life, she hass already many changements."

"Yes," I said softly, because I couldn't shout.

"Many changements," he repeated.

"And you, too."

"Yess. Many changements."

Fingering a thin, purple piece of paper, he smiled again. "Mother vill haf a picture von you. Von you and your children."

"I shall give you one to send her," I answered. And I thought of Aunt Louisa, once a pretty girl, now without her sons, an aged woman. "I will send it to her myself," I said. "And I will write to her. I will write to her about you. I will tell her you smile at all your changements. She will be very proud." —FANNIE COOK



DRAWING BY MARTIN DIBNER

"Madame insists she saw it first."

OCTOBER, 1938

ABOUT ADOLF DEHN

*WEANED FROM BLACK AND WHITE, HIS
PALETTE NOW EMBRACES ALL NATURE*



IN AN earlier issue of CORONET (June, 1937), in which was reproduced a group of lithographs by Adolf Dehn, reference was made to that artist's quiet experimenting with water colors. Up to that year his reputation had been built solely upon the lithographic stone. Except for those artists who work with oil paints and canvas, and perhaps a handful of water-colorists, there are few who trust only one medium to sustain them, artistically or economically. Etching or lithography is an artist's fifth wheel.

Up to 1937 Adolf Dehn was the sole American artist who had built up a reputation and a market only through lithography. By that year a number of things had happened. For one, he was coming up against the law of diminishing returns. The market for lithographs, even Dehn lithographs, was getting soft. For several years previously he had attempted to broaden the base of his public by enrolling alleged art-loving members of the lower middle classes into five dollar print clubs, but this enterprise, too, came up against that law. Then there is the feeling,

against which even Adolf Dehn must sometimes have stubbed his toe, that the man who engraves on stone, or copper, or wood and makes impressions from these surfaces is not quite an artist, that he must work with brush and colors before he has the right to claim the name.

These factors had weight with Dehn in compelling him to surrender, at least temporarily, the print, in which he had registered so many triumphs, and attempt a new medium. He might have failed and then even the expanded limits of the lithographic stone would have become for him a one-medium prison. But because he was an artist in lithography, he entered the field of the water-color enriched with the experience of a perhaps over-extended apprenticeship in black and white. The four water colors reproduced with this text will give you a pretty good notion of Dehn's technical excellences and conquest of atmosphere in earth, air and sky. Now that he has done it, it requires no great prescience to assert that it is easier for a man of Dehn's capacities in black and white to become a good



WATER COLORS COURTESY E. WEYHE GALLERY, NEW YORK

GRAIN ELEVATOR IN SUPERIOR

water-colorist than for a merely good water-colorist to strike from the stone the marvelous effects that Dehn has, and can. Let them preen themselves as prophets who used to say that Dehn's black and whites were a painter's lithographs.

At the Art Students' League, whither he came on scholarship from the Minneapolis Art Institute in 1918, he dabbled a little in colors, which he was glad enough to give up entirely when he realized his special gifts as black and white man. Pascin and Grosz, the two artists by whom he was most deeply influenced, were likewise graphic artists first and men of color afterwards. The more amenable to his will became such instruments as

the lithographic crayon, and the pen, the more did he dread to attempt color. He wanted to make masterpieces in color right off, not go through the travail of learning a new medium.

He had spent the summer and fall of 1936 in Europe, chiefly in Austria and Yugoslavia. On the boat coming home he took counsel with himself: "I know that this is just a fear thing. I'll have to shake it off. I'll have to work, I'll have to study before I can make a water color." He had previously made stabs at the medium, and thrown away the results because of disgust and dissatisfaction. There was so much else that he could complete, to his approbation and that of the



THRESHING

trade. But this time he would stick to color and prove that he could do it.

Late in the fall of 1936 he made his first picture in color and persisted in making others, in between completing his stints in lithography and illustrations for the magazine market. If a water color was very bad, Dehn could tell long before he had finished it, thus saving lots of time. He threw many of his efforts into the ashcan but they were becoming better and better and he exhibited his first satisfactory water color in the American Group show very late that year at the Montross Gallery. It was good but it didn't start any fire. The first Dehn water color that made a hit, *The Great God Pan*, was on view in the

1937 American Artists Congress show. It depicted a group of nuns (a favorite theme with Dehn) painting in the open air, their demure backs to a pool in which the great god himself was disporting. Later he painted a companion piece. This time the figures were those of monks and they were ignoring the presence of a coy nude in the pool earlier occupied by Pan. At the E. Weyhe Gallery during April and May of 1938, Dehn gave his first one-man show as a water-colorist and the result was a success. There were columns in the press. visitors in the gallery and a nice credit balance in the books for the artist,

Thus far, Dehn has subordinated the human figure in water color. He



OPEN PIT

has happily proved that Nature has no mood that he cannot capture. He knows the land of winter and the land of summer and is master particularly of the heavens, of the quiet, warm summer sky and the sky rent by thunder and lightning. He can be dramatic, as he can be pastoral and he can catch the subtlest gradations of temperature and of mood. In several of his papers he has even come to town, that is, attempted statements of industry and of urban life. Dehn has only just begun. He is going to deepen the thin spots, extend his range, and learn to use more opaque mediums.

Born in Waterville, Minnesota, which region he has celebrated again and again, Dehn studied art in Min-

neapolis and in New York during 1914-18. While studying, he tended furnaces, painted furniture and held down a job as night watchman for an electric burglar patrol. In 1921 he decided to go to Europe where he could starve more elegantly on marks and francs than he could on dollars, in New York. He did. He spent two years in Vienna and about a year in Berlin, spending some time in Paris and London as well. He made a precarious living. He sold a few drawings and obtained a few magazine commissions. He made thirty dollars a month and was happy. How happy he was in those pre-dictator days you may learn from this typical letter (never before published) which he



NORTHERN STORM

wrote to Carl Zigrosser in 1923:

"In the meantime, of course, my broken state does not deter me from being gloriously happy. I may not be able to eat wiener schnitzel any more, but sunshine of spring is here—and I have a Florentine panama hat to wear out in it—a beautiful person is here to love, and there is more power in my little right hand than there ever was before. Yes, I got wildly rash and took my last \$100, and fled to wonderful Italy for a month. Italy was always a dream, but now that the dream has been realized, she again becomes one. . . . Italy is more glorious than I expected. The weather, the people, the wine, the olive oil, the oranges, the picturesque lovely children, the

radiant girls with splendid legs, Giotto, Byzantine mosaics, St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, Venice—all in their respective ways charmed me. . . . To be full of the wine of the country, at midnight high up on the hill overlooking Assisi, the Church of San Francesco, and with Perugia's lights across the valley, is a memory of Italy and my nearness to God's Universe which I shall not forget."

Adolf Dehn is a big person, generous and impulsive, a Bohemian in the best sense of the word, and a responsible Bohemian. There is no whine in him. He makes friends easily, as does his work, which also possesses spirit and individuality.

—HARRY SALPETER

HOW TO HANDLE REPORTERS

THE HOLER-INNER, THE DUMMY, THE PALSY-WALSY—
THEY'RE EASY FOR THE BOYS OF THE FOURTH ESTATE



MOVIES, the stage and fiction alike have never been backward in extolling the brash young reporter who sails in and gets his story, with a good layout of art, in the face of dire obstacles. Indeed, you have only to pick up the nearest newspaper to find stories and pictures that make you wonder why persons involved in bloody and sordid occurrences, often through no fault of their own, will permit themselves to be cajoled or persuaded into posing in the most undignified situations and entering into discussions of what ordinarily are considered the most private and personal functions, merely to oblige some newspaperman whom they have never seen before and probably never will see again.

What's the secret? Well, like the undertaker, the reporter comes upon those on whom his wiles are to be exerted at times when his subjects are distinctly at a disadvantage. Few ordinary people get mixed up in good murders or have their relations with some bosomy blonde become matters of great public concern more than once in a lifetime. They are sober

citizens whose only desire when drawn into some violently newsworthy event is to get it all over as quietly as possible.

If you don't think they are in need of advice, consider how puerile, and how easy for even the run-of-the-mine newshawk to circumvent, are the usual tactics of the wight who, finding himself the quarry of the press, attempts to escape. A few general classifications can summarize the defenses put up in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. We'll number them for convenience.

No. 1. The Holer-Inner. Your ne'er-do-well brother-in-law, let us say, of whom you had heard nothing in three years and who you were beginning to hope was safely in some unmarked grave, has been picked up in a nearby state as a suspect in an atrocious sex murder. You hope nobody will associate him with yourself, a respectable roofing contractor with three children. So, when the reporters come knocking at your door, you keep all the shades down and refuse to answer the bell, fervently hoping that they will soon get tired and go far away.

Comment: Naïvely futile. The reporters won't be discouraged by the bleak outward aspect of your home. On the contrary, they will regard it as their meat. When reporters and photographers from all the papers have assembled, they will organize a "watch," one of the most pleasant ways for the participants to pass their working hours. Delegating one of their number to a vantage point where he can spot any attempts to leave the house by a side or rear exit, the rest can gather on your front porch to lounge, chat, and play rummy.

Decidedly, it's a break for the newspaper boys. If you had been sensible and let him clean up the job immediately, they would now be vulnerable for new assignments. As it is, they are having fun.

You aren't. Imprisonment, even in your own home, soon becomes galling. Eventually you will have to resume your normal pursuits; you can't hole in forever. But for all practical purposes, they can wait forever. Crazy as it looks, they *are* pursuing their normal business.

It is only a matter of time before you must show yourself. Meanwhile, the pressmen have kept the story alive by reporting the comments of neighbors—and who among us hasn't at least one neighbor who would jump at the chance of casting the first stone?

No. 2. The Tough Guy. You are a labor leader, and the press is eager to learn if you can shed any light on the peculiar mishap of a rival labor leader,

who has been set upon in an alley by four thugs who tell him they dislike the color of his eyes and proceed to blacken them, throwing in for good measure a few sound thumps on the skull with handy pieces of lead pipe. There is practically nothing to connect you with this untoward event except the victim's unsupported statement that you called him up the day before and told him he'd better leave town, or else. Naturally, you are incensed at the attentions of the press.

You meet the press at your door, swinging it open even before the press has had time to ring the bell, brandish a revolver and threaten to blow the press full of large holes unless it gets the hell off your premises, pronto. Or, if you are big enough, you come to the door unarmed but threaten to knock the press's block off any moment.

Comment: Even more futile. The strategy of the newsmen will be much the same as if you tried Defense No. 1. They will form a watch, though undoubtedly it will be at a little more respectful distance than your front porch. They will have an even livelier time than in a watch on a quarry playing possum, sending in a new man to bait you and be threatened after all the snappers have their cameras focussed, ready to catch you in action.

As in Defense No. 1, you will have to leave your house sometime, and if you persist in waving a gun or your fists out on the street they can have the cops take you to the station, where a friendly sergeant has been coached

to ask all the questions they wanted to put to you in the first place.

No. 3. The Dummy. You are a holder of an appointive City office, in charge of a department. One of your stenographers, a good-looking blonde, is the defendant in a divorce action. The case gets good attention in the papers because of the husband's allegations that a mysterious "Mr. X" lavished expensive gifts on her and took her to night clubs on evenings when she was supposed to be working late at the office. Then a witness drops a bombshell; he identifies "Mr. X" as yourself.

As a political entity, you consider yourself pretty wary about the press boys, and so when they arrive *en masse* you maintain a poker face. To every question they ask, you reply, "I have nothing to say." A reporter waxes facetious and asks, "Would you venture to deny that black is white?" You still answer, "I have nothing to say."

Comment: It's your funeral. A verbatim account of the interview, with your monotonous replies, including your answer to the question about black and white, makes the front page of each newspaper, written in the most comical vein of the star rewrite man. The husband gets his divorce, the blonde gets a lot of swell offers you can't match, you get the horse laugh and the Mayor tells you you're a millstone around his neck.

No. 4. Old Off-the-Record. You are a high school principal. Three members of your school's football squad

and three freshman girls have been arrested for breaking into a citizen's summer cottage at a near-by lake and staging what the cruder headline writers refer to as an orgy. The reporter asks how long this sort of thing has been going on, and what you know about your students' morals, anyway.

You don't want to offend anyone, least of all a reporter, and so you talk at great length in vague general terms on the problems that beset the modern pedagogue. Then you add, "But understand, this is strictly off the record. Don't quote me; don't use my name at all."

Comment: Swell—for the high school weekly. But if your interviewer is from a real paper, and unless he is the veriest tyro, he will answer "Nuts," call for a yes-or-no answer to the most pointed questions he can think up, and promise to detail in print your attempts to wriggle out of it. If he is a tyro and goes into the office, the office will send back an uncouth mug from the police beat.

No. 5. The Big Shot. You are a used car dealer and frequently insert liner ads in the papers. Last fall you were introduced to the publisher of the city's leading paper when he spoke at a Community Chest banquet, by virtue of the fact that your squad got the biggest quota for the day. Tonight you drank too much at your poker game and on the way home went through a red light, colliding with a police cruiser, of all things.

You are phoning your lawyer when

a reporter and cameraman from the leading daily appear. You say, "Sorry, boys, but there's no story. I'm a big advertiser in your newspaper and a personal friend of Mr. Miggs, your publisher, and I want this kept quiet. Beat it, if you want to keep your jobs."

Comment: The boys know that if you really were a chum of Mr. Miggs, you'd telephone him instead of trying to bully his hired hands. Mr. Miggs would then tell you that inasmuch as all the other papers would undoubtedly print it, it wouldn't do you any good and would only make the paper look bad to leave it out. In any case, the reporter and photographer would be responsible for getting the story and picture, whether anything got in the paper or not—and they do want to keep their jobs. You have just prejudiced them against you, and they will tell their friends the cops not to let you off if you promise to pay for the damage to the cruiser, as they'd planned.

No. 6. Palsy-Walsy. You are a nationally known dance band leader. You are playing a one-week stand in the stage show at a leading movie house in a Midwestern city. On your first night in town you are in a night club with a petite brunette. A low, drunken nonentity lurches up to your table, announces that in his opinion your act stinks, and swings a haymaker at your kisser.

Your assailant is rushed out of the place, but the perspiration isn't dry on your forehead before a flock of reporters, tipped off by the night club's

press agent, surround you. You greet the boys warmly, pat them on the back and ask them to sit down, then summon the proprietor and with a lordly air tell him the boys are to have the best in the house, on you. Matter of fact, you assert, it's going to be a lonesome week if the boys don't party with you every night. Then, in a casual afterthought, you introduce the boys to the petite brunette, a new singer with your band, and ask them as a personal favor not to mention the little lady, inasmuch as she promised her mother back in Kokomo she'd always be in bed by 10:30 p.m.

Comment: You have overlooked the fact that the boys always lean over backwards after someone has done a lot of spending in their behalf, just to show they haven't been bribed. If any of them might have overlooked the little lady, they won't make that mistake now. Indeed, your concern over the matter will suggest to them that it might be a good idea to call your wife long distance, to see if she knows about the petite brunette and wants to make a statement. Your wife hasn't been on the warpath since she got your last petite brunette singer a Hollywood contract, but now she'll catch an early plane and pay you a surprise visit.

No. 7. The Aristocrat. You have a big stone wall around your estate on the river, three miles out of town, but it wasn't big enough to shut out trouble. Poor old Uncle Theron, whom the family had always regarded as eccentric but harmless, blew his top

one morning, shot and killed the cook and the gardener, and then blew out his own brains.

To bar the morbidly curious, you hold Uncle Theron's funeral on the estate instead of at a church or the undertaker's. You have the Governor (who married one of Cousin Nettie's girls) send a detail of State Police to guard the gate on the day of the funeral and keep out the morbidly curious—and the press.

Comment: *Noblesse may oblige*, but the troopers are buddies of a couple of reporters with whom they got tight on the axe murder case up at Umlaut Junction. The stoutish gentleman with the vacant stare and his bespectacled companion aren't really detectives, making sure that no low press fellows sneak inside, as the sergeant told the undertaker's man. They're busy taking it all in, and the fat one has a candid camera. You will froth tomorrow at the picture of yourself blowing your nose and the story pointing out the strange coincidence of your great great resemblance in facial characteristics and mannerisms to Uncle Theron, but you won't be able to figure out how it ever happened.

The catalogue might be continued, but these types pretty well cover the field. Besides, you should be able to give the answers yourself by this time. And did we hear a protest that after all titles should mean something, and thus far this has all been about the opposite—how *not* to handle reporters?

All right; there are one or two courses of action we can really recommend. The first is swell, but it has the disadvantage that to use it safely you must be a genuinely good actor.

When the reporter appears, just act good and plastered. Demand that he promise never to leave you. Point out that there's a big bug right there on the carpet, and insist that he observe carefully the hungry, possessive gleam in the bug's eye. Grab his coat lapels and cling to them like a drowning man clutching a life line.

Nine times out of ten, the reporter will really be touched. He has hardened his heart to the miseries he meets in the usual course of duty, but your complaint is one he associates with the beloved companions of his hours of relaxation. He will become absorbed in trying to comfort you. Presently you can pass out, and he will put you to bed, tuck you in, and tiptoe out, reporting to the office that they had you all wrong and offering to vouch personally that you are a great guy.

But as we said before, don't try it unless you're sure you can put it over. You'll have a tough audience, one quick to spot the least touch of the phony in your performance.

However, our second recommended method doesn't require such special talents. In fact, the only possible objection to it is that the story has to be a tremendous one. So very tremendous, in fact, that you're bound to recognize any example we might choose of the method's successful employment.

You are a newly-appointed Supreme Court justice, we will assume. Before taking your place on the Court, you enjoy a trip abroad. In your absence, a storm of accusations that you belonged to the Ku Klux Klan and accepted a life membership in that organization breaks in the country's newspapers. (Try to restrain yourself from getting too far ahead of us.)

You avoid seeing reporters abroad as long as possible, and when they smoke you out you refuse to talk.

When your boat gets you back to New York you still refuse to answer questions.

Thus far, you've been using the plain dummy technique, and you've suffered the usual results. The papers thunder that you are a coward, that your silence convicts you. They demand impeachment. You're in the hole, but here is where the change in method comes in.

You announce that you will reply to the accusations on a national radio broadcast. All the build-up the papers have been giving the story goes to provide you with a mammoth audience. Then you give a carefully prepared speech, setting forth your position in the best light possible. No editor can chop your explanation, no reporter can ask embarrassing questions.

That fixes it. The papers can try to drum the thing up some more, but all they get is yawns. Of course, as we said before, the cases in which this method can be used are very limited.

To be serious a minute, no good newspaperman will dispute that the sensational press has gone far beyond the scope of fair journalism in invading the privacy of the individual. The disrepute brought upon the whole profession by the "enterprise" of the yellower journals in the Hauptmann trial and the veritable persecution which drove the Lindberghs out of the United States is a matter of deep concern to all newspapermen worthy of their salt. The development of the candid camera and the increased interest in photography evidenced by the popularity of the new picture magazines further complicates the situation.

Of late, even the courts themselves have had little success in maintaining their dignities in the face of the energetic photographic branch of journalism. Even the United States Supreme Court has been unable to enforce completely its rule barring cameras from its sessions. Lesser courts attempting similar standards are flouted regularly.

Do the laws of libel need revising? Few serious students of the question will advocate that. The value of our free press as a check on public officials, the historical position of such a press as a necessary bulwark of democracy, are too fundamental to take a chance on any legal tampering that might be used to hamstring it. But if that is not to happen, the newspapers themselves must meet the problem.

—DON LOCHBILER

WHAT ENGLISH AUTHORS?

WHEN BETTER ENGLISH LITERATURE IS
WRITTEN IRISHMEN WILL WRITE IT



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is ever objecting to being called "our greatest modern English dramatist" on grounds that he is not English at all but categorically and emphatically an Irishman, that Saxon England could not possibly have given a Shaw to the world, that he will continue as an Irishman to twist the lion's tail when he pleases, and that he does not want to suffer the same sad fate as many other Celtic geniuses—to go down in history as an Englishman.

There is a method in the Shavian madness, and in his charming egotism he was thinking of posterity. Every chance he gets he flaunts his Celtic corpuscles. Withal, his bones may yet turn in his grave, as it is more than probable that England will claim him posthumously in keeping with her greedy propensity for appropriating not only the property and possessions of other peoples but also their great men to bolster her name and fame. This she has done with the Scots and the Welsh and most of all with the Irish, a race which, if she has openly despised and hounded it for centuries, she has robbed of virtually all its great

figures to immortalize them in her national pantheon as illustrious Englishmen, all in the most consummate system of historical thievery yet devised by any people.

The fact is that without those figures the so-called Saxon and Nordic superiority of England would prove rather empty and barren. There is our Duke of Wellington, acclaimed as the greatest English military genius; our Edmund Burke, statesman and master of political philosophy, who stood alone in the British Parliament for the rights of the American Colonies; our George Berkeley, the thinker who sheds the sole and solitary light on England's own negligible brood of barnyard philosophers. Even Henri Bergson, greatest of contemporary philosophers, is already set down as Anglo-Jewish. He is half-Irish, half-Jewish.

England tried to take everything away from us, to leave us nothing we could call our own, in the manner of materially stronger powers that try to crush peoples, who sometimes prove, however, to be spiritually and intellectually indestructible. But we have

been calumniated and discredited to such an extent that it is generally believed that we have given nothing to the content of the world's cultural values, and that our sole contribution lies in policemen, politicians, priests and prize fighters.

It is amusing, sometimes irksome. Take for example the field of literature. What if, as Ireland was by the English, France had been over-run for seven centuries by the Germans, the native language forbidden and the Gallic men of genius forced to write in German and to be known as German authors. What a blow to French national pride! I recall the scathing letters of denunciation I got from several Frenchmen when in an article I wrote a few years ago I inadvertently listed Stendahl as a German writer. It is a pardonable form of national pride, that a people should cherish its men of genius who have given their gifts to all nations.

Let us take the outstanding and better names of English literature as it is taught today in high schools, colleges and centers of formal education in America and over the English-speaking world, the names of the great authors preëminent, each in his respective field, and whose works are held up as the classics to be emulated. It will help to set the record straight once and for all, even if calling for a certain revaluation of our knowledge of English literature. Here are the big shots in the immortal roll call of the "great English authors," whose names

have glorified the mother tongue.

Laurence Sterne, that Figaro of literary men, author of *Tristram Shandy*; Jonathan Swift, "the gloomy Dean" of another era, "master satirist of the English language," author of *Gulliver's Travels*; the inimitable and beloved Oliver Goldsmith, who gave us *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Citizen of the World*; William Blake, "greatest mystical poet in English literature"; Sir Richard Steele, collaborator with Addison of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* papers, but who wrote the great majority of them; Maria Edgeworth, author of *Castle Rackrent*; the famous Brontë sisters (particularly Charlotte, who wrote *Wuthering Heights*), and whose real name was not Brontë, but Prunty (but you won't learn that in college); Richard Burton, translator of the *Arabian Nights*, and Edward Fitzgerald, translator of the *Rubaiyat*; the dramatists, William Congreve, George Farquhar and Richard Brindsley Sheridan; William Lecky, author of the classic, *History of England*; James Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*, "best foreign commentator on American institutions"; John Tyndall, noted scientific author; Oscar Wilde.

It happens that these "great English authors," whose works form required reading in college curricula, are Irish. In fact, in the 18th century, when English literature flowered to its apotheosis, the whole astounding succession of "English authors" all were Irish—the best essayists, novelists, dra-

matists, political writers and translators to use the English tongue in that age.

It was M. Herriot a few years ago as then president of the French Republic who, in speaking of the Irish contribution to French culture and in acknowledging it in the gracious Gallic way, went afieled to remark on the dearth of English contributors to their own literature and to stress the strange circumstance that "contemporary English literature as known on the Continent is written practically wholly by Irishmen." And so it is. Shaw, Yeats, George Moore, Synge, Joyce, O'Flaherty, O'Casey, Stephens, West—these are world names in a sense which such typically English writers as Galsworthy, Hardy and Walpole are not. And it is a striking and significant fact that we find in the works of the Irish writers far more content of supra-national or world values than in the works of the characteristically English authors, who remain sadly insular and provincial in outlook, and whose matter is mostly tight-little-isle stuff. George Moore perhaps summed it up when he said that the main concern of English literature as written by English authors today, seemed to deal with that terrible institution known as the British week end, with the parson in his knee-breeches coming in for tea. One notes a *futilitas vitae*, if not a complete *taedium vitae*, in most of it, and one looks in vain for a fundamental philosophy of life. On the other hand, we Irish remain a vigorous people.

Indeed, the plight of English literature today, that is in its strictly English connotation, is a woeful spectacle. Where, as George Jean Nathan, the American critic, asks, would the English stage be today were it not for such Irishmen as Shaw, St. John Ervine, and Paul Vincent Carroll? And by the same token, where would English poetry be today were it not for such Irishmen as Yeats, Higgins, O'Connor and MacNeice. In this connection one might as well here explode the commonly accepted theory that the Arabs were the first to contribute the tremendous gift of rhyme to literature. The Irish first used rhyme, long before the Arabs, who did not come into any prominence in literature until the 8th century. We had a language and literature long before Virgil sang or Cicero molded the speech of Rome.

It is an ironical circumstance that a people whom England tried to render dumb by crushing their native language should turn around to use the English tongue more intensely and beautifully than the English themselves. We held our heritage through thick and thin, though under our broken roof-trees we had ever to brew in secret the precious distillate of our nationhood. Now, incidentally, we are reviving the Irish language, which is one of the three pure tongues of mankind, the other two being Sanskrit and Hebrew. We have the spectacle of a James Joyce today finding the English too limited for his Celtic genius, with the result that he has

broken its frontiers with an armament of Gaelicisms, and has brought to it the wild, sweet twist of the Irish idiom, which is nothing more than the Irish way of thought and expression breaking forth on the native lips, where the English still trembles nervously.

Most English literature therefore is known to the Irish as Anglo-Irish literature. Henceforth, there will be none of that sort of literature. It will be called Irish literature, since, after seven centuries of war with England over it, we seem to have convinced the world that we are a specific and distinct human group, widely separated from England by an older culture, and we shall now write out of our own race ethic and our own background and tradition, not from the English tradition, which we felt was rather an empty one, in fine, not a tradition at all. Properly to speak of literary traditions, there are but three peoples of the occidental world that can claim such heritage, and they are the Greeks, the Jews and the Irish.

English writers have been handicapped by this lack of tradition in their national life, to the extent that many of them went far afield for inspiration. John Milton went back to the Jewish tradition, John Keats went to the Grecian, and Swinburne went loony over it, starving for beauty in the tight little isle. Lionel Johnson, of Irish descent, naturally went to the Irish tradition, as oddly enough did the pompous Tennyson, whose poetry is still required reading in colleges. The Eng-

lish departments of colleges should wake up. We do not think much of Alfred Lord Tennyson in Ireland.

The Irish today are on the edge of a new literature, and for the first time in centuries they will be able to call it their own, because it will express the native values. Celtic civilization reveals one towering factor, a unique element, which goes back for two thousand years, as far as historic knowledge reaches, and that is the power of a great literary tradition, which came to be the national force and momentum that overshadowed and dominated all others. Out of that tradition came the intellectual impetus that gave to Europe the miracle of Celtic culture from the 6th to the 9th centuries, and which in turn produced the miracle of Gothic and brought it to flower. And in the 10th century, states Professor Porter of Harvard in his book, *Culture of Early Ireland*, "the Irish produced a culture immeasurably in advance of all the rest of Europe."

Then, ironically enough, we were cut by England from the Europe to which we had given so much, and we missed out completely on the legacy of the Renaissance. College professors of English in their stilted and fustian way would call it a great tragedy. But college doyens hand out a lot of claptrap. After all, looking at it from another angle, the Renaissance was a curse over Europe because, despite all the academic lectures about it, it denationalized and devitalized conti-

mental literature, and for all its so-called broad sweep and majestic movement it was in large part false.

Perhaps one may find a clue here to account for the fact that since the Hebrew civilization which gave us the Bible and the Greek civilization which gave us Plato and the rest no European nation has created an intellectual literature one could call supremely beautiful.

The Irish will stay home for a while now, and write out of Ireland. We may look for a new literature, in fact the first real native literature since the Irish sagas of a far away time. It will be a realistic literature, perhaps the most intensely realistic of any nation in Europe, because the country is entering her most truly realistic period.

Realistic, but not without intellectual values. Not, for example, the realism of such transplanted Irishmen as a Farrell of Chicago or a Jim Tully of Hollywood, who write camera realism and nothing more. Writing which merely photographs life is not literature.

The Irish are in the mood to produce literature now. They no longer need squander their intellectual ammunition in seeking to gain political freedom. That they have attained—almost, as England still holds part of the country. We intend to get that back soon. Then we may compete with England in the peaceful field of literature, where before we strove with the sword. John Bull had better look to his laurels.

—T. F. HEALY

DO YOU SEE ALL YOU LOOK AT?

HERE'S an interesting experiment: Ask one of your friends to write down six words, selected at random, and then a minute or two later ask him to write the same words down again, in the same order, from memory. Not one person in twenty can do this.

Another test is to have three lines of red capital letters, six letters to a line, typed on a yellow sheet of paper. The words are surrounded by a border of black dots. Twelve of the eighteen letters are "O's." These are distributed at random, but in such a way that the eye must pass over other letters to count the "O's."

Ask a friend quickly to count the

"O's" and hand the sheet back to you. Then ask him what other letters were on the paper. What color was the paper? How many dots were there, and what color?

Few people can tell you more than one of the other six letters.

Many will not even know the color of the paper.

We all have seen pictures of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. But how many recall which hand carries the torch? What, if anything, is in the other hand? I have asked this question of New York people who see the statue every day. But few know.

—FRED C. KELLY

MEDIC'S MATE

A CAREER AS A GUINEA PIG IS THE
FATE OF A MEDICAL STUDENT'S WIFE



DR. LOGAN CLENDENING dedicates that excellent work of his, *The Human Body*, to a fellow doctor, and in his dedication chuckles somewhat ghoulishly, saying, "You and I . . . have shown one another many pathologic specimens, ensconced temporarily, to the horror of our respective wives, in our respective bathtubs . . ." Probably most people who read that did not appreciate the full flavor of it. "Pathologic specimens" are mostly damp, odoriferous, disgusting objects, yet I could heartily wish my only trials were such temporary visitations in my bathtub. Mrs. Clendening has my sympathy, but after all, her husband is a doctor, and doubtless his practice furnishes him with problems enough to spare her the necessity of acting as a stand-in for a guinea pig. That has been my role for two years. My husband is a medical student, and he still has a couple of years to go. For sheer broth of hell, I doubt if any wife can outdo my career.

My troubles began the first year of medical school when Ed—my husband—was studying Biochemistry. About a week after the course began

he said casually at dinner one night, "How about going without meat for a while? I have to do an experiment on a low protein diet." This seemed harmless. I acquiesced. For two weeks we ate no meat, no eggs, no fish, no beans, no peas and no several other things. Vegetarians always seemed rather harmless faddists to me before—now I regard them as Spartans of the highest order. Night after night we sat down to messes of potatoes, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes, carrots and other less tasty vegetables—once I even had turnips. It is really surprising how quickly one can exhaust the possibilities of these excellent vegetables—excellent when consumed as adjuncts to a good portion of beef. The two weeks finally came to an end, and I came home with a huge steak, to find that we were now to have a high protein diet for two weeks. Fine, I thought—for a week. At the end of a week, steaks, garnished with pork chops, liver for a side-dish, and beans almost the only vegetable allowed, had become a little monotonous. I came to long for the humble potato again. On the high protein diet there

was an added complication. Ed brought home a pound of salted nuts nearly every night—it developed these were high protein foods—and we ate them. Even yet I shudder before every peanut vending stand on the L platforms. For two weeks we kept this up, and then I rebelled. It was fortunate for me that I did. The week following the high protein diet, Ed lived on milk alone, and for the next two weeks he ate a high “purine” diet—don’t ask me what it is—I know better now than to show too much interest in what he’s doing.

And then he bought a stethoscope! Nothing very startling here, you think. We’ve all had to bare our chests and watch the doctor, with that preternatural gravity that only doctors have, nod slowly as he moves the little gadget about. Ed placed that stethoscope over every square inch of my chest and back, and listened raptly. But this was not enough. I must step on and off a low stool twenty-five times and then he must listen. And then he decided this was too artificial. We live in a third floor apartment, and I must walk down to the first floor, and then *run* up the three flights, and then he would listen. And I did, poor wretch, not once but twice. Was he content then? Of course not. What about heat? I must get into a tub full of hot water, and drink a glass of hot milk, which I detest, and then he listened. How about cold? Yes, I did it. I got into a tub of cold water, and then he listened. And with all

this listening he made notes, copious notes. From then on, whether I was scrubbing the kitchen floor, vacuuming the living room rug, or darning his socks, I was never safe from that stethoscope. Even my sleep was not sacred, but that’s a story by itself, to which I shall refer later.

Then he started the study of Physiology. By this time I was becoming familiar with the signs of an experiment in the offing, and one Saturday afternoon he arrived home with a peculiar arrangement of bottles, connected by glass and rubber tubes, and a separate rubber tube, about half the diameter of a pencil and about two feet long. One end of this tube was tied closed with a bit of thread, and had a number of small holes in it. Perhaps you can guess what I was to do with this. You can’t? I was to swallow it! And, God pity me, I tried. But I couldn’t. I did as he directed, but to no avail. The spirit was willing, but my throat was weak. It refused to brook this insult. Ed did it. He swallowed more than a foot of that loathsome black rubber tube, until there protruded from his mouth only a short length of it. The swallowed end of the tube, he told me, was now in his stomach. Then it became apparent what the peculiar arrangement of bottles was for, which he had carefully refrained from mentioning before. By connecting the bottles to that tube hanging out of his mouth, it was possible to transfer some of the contents of the stomach

from that organ to one of the bottles, and that material could then be analyzed. I can't go much further with this. Later on, after I had recovered somewhat, my husband got a classmate to come over, and between them they swallowed and pumped with abandon, and then analyzed. The refinements of this experiment were delightful. I watched my husband, with that tube in his throat and in his stomach, eat two soda crackers, and wash them down with water. Truly a feat.

This episode, I considered, marked tops in what could be done to me, or tried on me. I was wrong. He bought a haemocytometer. I know that's right because I just went into his room and looked at the case and that's what it says on it. It consists of a heavy glass plate, on which Ed says there are engraved lines, some ridiculously small distance apart, a little thin glass plate which he calls a "cover-slip" and two little things that look like thermometers, without mercury in them, and with the swellings at the top. These have rubber tubes and mouthpieces on them. It looks and sounds innocent enough, but it won't work without some blood. As every schoolboy knows, blood is something that runs in tubes inside of you, and most of us spend our days avoiding having any of that precious material come through to the outside, where it loses its usefulness—unless you are a medical student, or a medical student's wife. Then blood in its

proper pipes and channels is valueless. You can't see it in there, except as blue lines on your wrists, and you can't do a thing with it. But, if you make a hole in some one, blood will ooze out, and when it has oozed out, you can mix it up with other things, and then spread it out on this plate, and look at it under the microscope. Thus arranged, it is possible to count how many of *these* there are per so much blood, and how many of *those* there are per so much blood. These are magic figures. The only difficulty is that apparently it requires some skill to carry out the operation properly, and that skill is going to be acquired at my expense. The ends of the fingers of both my hands are now riddled with little holes, from which my lifeblood has been taken for the benefit of science, in the person of my husband. He has a cute little gadget for getting the blood. It looks like a tiny bugle, with a hole in the flared out end. He puts that up against your finger, then presses a lever, and *bing!* out comes a little knife, neat as you please, and plows its way through your tender epidermis. Then he puts the gadget down, and gleefully watches a large drop of blood ooze out. He gets this into one of the thermometers—pipettes, he calls them—and then—but the details are of no interest whatever. The point is that I'm a secretary, and as such I have some typing to do, which is not the most pleasant thing in the world when your fingers are shot

through with little holes. I have told him about this, but it seems to have had little effect. What makes it difficult to argue with him is the fact that for every hole I have in my fingers he has three, and for every gram of protein I don't eat, he doesn't eat three grams, and for every drop of blood I've given, he's given ten. It's hard to withstand a man like that.

When Ed began the study of Bacteriology, I nearly started to save my pennies for railroad fare to Reno. In our apartment we have one large closet which, you might say, is the thing that sold me on the place. We have others, but this is really a prince among closets. It's almost as large as a room, as a matter of fact, with a light in it and everything. Into this closet went our phonograph, which Ed's going to fix some day, I doubt, a big shoe-box, a trunk, a full-length mirror, a cot, with which we discourage certain visitors from staying more than three days, and all the other odds and ends one picks up. The closet handled them nobly, and left room for me to see myself in the full-length mirror.

Shortly after we had moved in, the illness of a relative took me out of town for several days. I returned during the day, when Ed has classes, and once home, unpacked my suitcase and took it to the closet to put away. I noticed a peculiar odor upon opening the door, and found the source of it when I turned on the light. Trunk, cot, shoe-box, mirror, all were gone.

In their places was a little bench with a lamp on it, the microscope he rents from the school, and shelf after shelf of bottles, flasks, test tubes, racks, etc., etc. On the wall was a sign, in big red letters—"DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING IN THIS ROOM." Fortright, that's Ed. He had already told me about the bacteriologist Noguchi, who posted signs in his laboratory saying "No touchi, Noguchi" and I really think he could have been a little more circumspect with his notice.

Naturally, this sign made everything in the place interesting, and I began to investigate. In the corner was a small tin box, with an electric light burning in it, and a thermometer projecting from it. This I considered was a careless waste of money, and I turned the light off—which I lived to regret. There was a little door on the tin box, which was obviously a home-made product, as it nearly fell off when I opened it, and inside the box was a rack, containing several test tubes. Two of these test tubes were sealed with paraffin, and contained some solid material, of a beautiful shade of red, with some white, streaky, rough material on the solid red substance. I didn't remove the paraffin plugs, but I smelled the tubes, which, disappointingly, smelled like paraffin. The other tubes had cloudy liquids in them, with cotton plugs, and I didn't take the plugs out. I was smoking a cigarette, and when I turned around I noticed an additional sign—"NO SMOKING"—also in

red, and in even larger letters. (With a fine disregard for the landlord's property, both signs were written on the white plaster walls.) Despite a distinct twinge of annoyance, I turned out the light and left the room as it was.

Upon further exploration, I found all the things that had been in the closet in Ed's closet, with his other suit and his threadbare overcoat thrown over them. The mirror he had stood up in the hall, and how he got the thing there is beyond me. The moving men nearly broke their necks getting it up the three flights of stairs. It's a ten-foot affair, which Ed got from his father, and which had once graced Ed's grandfather's place, one of those old high-ceilinged houses on Chicago's near north side. Had I asked Ed to move it half an inch over in the closet he would have sworn he couldn't do it, but to make a "laboratory" he had carried it out of the closet and fastened it to the wall in the hall.

When he came home, I had my little speech prepared, and it was good. But I only got as far as, "and leaving the light burning in that box. Can't you remember to turn out lights, even?" when he burst into an anguished roar, and shouted:

"You didn't turn that off, did you? That's an incubator, the light maintains a certain temperature, and those bugs in there won't grow at room temperature. What time did you turn it off? My Lord . . ." and he was off to his "laboratory." But he was

back in a minute. "You handled those tubes with the bugs in them, what did you do with them, did you open them, can't you read that sign I fixed just for you, who else do you think it was for, why don't you pay attention to what I . . ."

I finally got him calmed down enough to discover that the interesting tubes with the solid red material in them contained tuberculosis germs, enough of them to give an army tuberculosis. Pleasant thought isn't it—my smelling them? However, since I hadn't removed the paraffin plugs, no harm had been done. But he cross-questioned me carefully about all the tubes. Some of the other tubes, it developed, contained staphylococci, isolated from an eruption on his chin, and still others various forms of interesting, and in some cases lethal, animalcules.

By this time, of course, I was completely on the defensive. Gone were my firm resolves to have all that junk out of the closet, and the mirror and all the rest back into it. He still has his "laboratory." The janitor found him a key for it.

I have already mentioned my sleep. Here my husband probably gets in some real experiments which I never hear about. I sleep soundly, but on occasion I have awakened as a result of his efforts to find out something or other. First it was "reflexes" that he wanted to try out. Nothing mysterious about them—sneezing is a "reflex" and he demonstrated it, on

me. I awoke one night from a dream that I was walking through a cornfield, but that the cornstalks had the peculiar property of seeking my nose as I walked and tickling me. Little Edward was gently exploring my rather retroused nose with a straw from the clothes brush, and delightedly watching me sneeze. He also wanted to try out the knee reflex as I slept. You know, you cross one leg over the other and then strike just below the kneecap, and the leg jumps up. Unfortunately, while he could get me to sit up, and continue to sleep, every time he tried to cross one leg over the other I would awaken, so that experiment remains under the heading of unfinished business. I have no doubt he'll continue trying to complete it. He has tried all the reflexes on me when I've been awake, but the unconscious element seems to fascinate him.

When we were married we both had respectable, if not extensive collections of first editions. About six months after our marriage I began to notice gaps in his "Literary Shelves," as he calls them, and increases in his "Medical Shelves." Let him touch my Morley books—just let him! What will I do about it? Let him.

I think I could stand all these things, if we still had a friend or two left. The only people we see nowadays are Ed's classmates, and if one medical student is a trial, deliver me from the things two or three of these fiends together can think of to do. At first

our friends were rather interested. Take the stethoscope, for example. We've all had a yen to have our ears on the receiving ends of one of those, instead of our chests under it. Ed lets them listen, and then they can't very well refuse to let him listen, but he never gets tired of it. And the blood-letting. They never come back after that. Ed will assure you by all that's holy that it won't hurt. He'll even do it to himself, and show no signs of feeling it. But it hurts—regardless of what he says, and our friends don't care for it. The blood pressure business gets those the finger sticking doesn't. Worst of all, after he's done his listening and his sticking and his measuring, he'll sit and talk for maybe half an hour or so, and then he'll excuse himself. When I look for him a little later he'll be in the kitchen, with a book propped against the sugar bowl, and a cup of coffee. Pressed for an explanation, he'll say, "Aw, who cares if Jack Benny is better than Fred Allen? I've got an exam tomorrow (he always has an exam tomorrow). I'll be there in a minute." But usually he doesn't come in again. Our friends don't seem to like this. They think maybe he doesn't care if they come or not. He does, of course. He likes to take their blood pressure.

So far it's been a great life. I've looked over the courses he still has to take, and it looks as though it's going to be even greater from here on in.

—ANONYMOUS

ARS LONGA

Beauty disastrous, broken and unlaced,
Beauty remembering, tortured and long-scarred,
Beauty forlorn, alone and weather-traced
Has kissed the lips of men and made them marred
And made them exquisite and made them blest.

She has come out from caverns broken-eyed,
The ruby flowing from her mouth and breast
And men have seen—and they have wept and died.

Driven from fires fool-scattered down the night
She has gone where the fierce and barren trade;
And here and there a man has seen her, white
And terrible with silence, and has made
Her path his own, and followed to her door,
And smashed his heart.

And thanked his God therefore.

—BERT COOKSLEY



George G. Mee

OCTOBER, 1938

COONJINE AND ROUSTABOUT

*THERE WAS MUSIC IN THE AIR WHEN THE BIG
BUCKS WARMED TO THEIR WORK ON THE LEVEE*



COONJINE died with the passing of the Mississippi Steamboat. You likely never heard the word unless you were reared on the shores of the Big River or one of its tributaries where the steamboats came into dock daily. In that case you will doubtless recall the weird, semi-barbaric, loose-kneed shuffle-slouch (timed perfectly to equally barbaric songs), by which the Negro roustabouts loaded and unloaded the boats. That was Coonjine—song and dance.

“Coonjine Niggers” were the black boys who did the Coonjine up and down the steamboat stage-plank. Coonjine songs were the songs they composed and sang—off-hand songs, ludicrous, ridiculous, often senseless as to words, but perfectly cadenced, correctly timed. . . . Songs which no one has ever put into print. Many, indeed, are unprintable.

Sixty years ago, at the old levees, steamboats crowded as thickly as horses tethered nose-in to a hitching rail. The roustabout would swagger ashore at the end of the run and cut a swath among the women, staking big money on the roll of the spotted ivories.

The work was back-breaking; and it was to lighten their hard labor that the roustabouts sang their Coonjine songs. When a Negro sings he forgets he is tired. Steamboat captains and mates knew this and encouraged their rousters to sing. Subject matter for Coonjine songs covered a wide range—fights, poice, love affairs, domestic embroglios, and nostalgia. But mainly, Coonjine songs had to do with the work in hand; the boats, their speed and luxury; the individual characteristics of mate or captain or fellow roustabouts; and, under the ridiculous words, frequently a note of pathos at the hard lot of his downtrodden race.

Ole Roustabout ain't got no home,
Make his livin' on his shoulder bone.

The boat safely docked in New Orleans at the end of her run, rousters, looking forward to pleasant pastime in the “houses” out on Dryads Street, would sing:

I chaws my terbaccker, and I spits
my juice,
Gwine ter love my gal till hit ain't
no use!

Near the levee at Vicksburg stood a

bakery whose specialty was long slabs of gingerbread, which the rousters called "boozum bread."

Boozum bread, boozum bread,
I eats dat stuff till I damn near
dead.
Swing dat cottonseed on yo' head—
You can't eat dat boozum bread!

In explanation: in handling freight the rouser had to use both his hands. Therefore he would stuff a slab of gingerbread inside the bosom of his work-shirt, open at the neck, and bite hunks out of it as he worked.

1880. Picture a graceful, fantastic steamboat tied up at a landing, her sidewheels quiet after a long run. Rouser Sam, on shore, prances up to a cotton bale, and sinks his cotton hook into it. He sings:

Catfish swimmin' in de river,
Nigger wid a hook and line.
Says de catfish lookyere, Nigger
man,

You ain got me dis time!
(Spoken) Com'on bale, got yuh!

—and rolls the bale over and over up the stage-plank and the boat deck, still singing, the others joining in.

The cotton all loaded, the rousters next attack the pile of sacked cottonseed. Two rousters stand at the pile, lift the sacks and place one each on a shoulder of the other rousters as each swings into place. They sing:

Up sack! You gone!
Up sack! You gone!
N'yawlins Niggers ain' got no sense!
Up sack! You gone!

And over and over again until the loading is complete.

Roustabouts had inordinate pride in the fine steamers of the Anchor Line, famous in the Eighties. Working for the Anchor Line made a rouser a member of a kind of sable river aristocracy. The Anchor Line fed well.

Dey wuks you hard but dey feeds
you fine

On dem big boats of de Anchor
Line.

Anchor Line steamboats were named for river cities. Two favorites of the rousters were Captain Ben Howard's *City of Providence* and Captain Denny Conyers' *City of St. Louis*.

I owes de landlady fifty cents,
Gwinter roust on de Providence.
Me and muh woman done had a
fus',
Gwine take a little trip on de Trusty
Trus'.

Trusty Trust was the nickname for the *City of St. Louis* because the mate would always advance a rouser a dollar until pay day. (He *trusted* his Negroes. Hence the name.)

Two other Anchor Liners, *City of Cairo* and *City of Monroe*, were rivals for the speed crown between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge. Without a moment's forethought the rousters composed this rhyme:

De *City of Cairo's* a mighty big gun,
But lemme tell you what de *Monroe*
done:
She lef Baton Rouge at ha'f pas' one

An' git ter Vicksburg at de settin'
'er de sun.

A song which later became a popular American "blues" epic was originally a Coonjine song. This was "Alabama Bound." Its original version referred to the little sternwheeler *Salttillo* which used to ply from St. Louis down to the Tennessee River to Florence, Alabama. The rousters approximated the name to the extent of calling her the *Sal Teller*.

Sal Teller leave St. Looney
Wid her lights tu'n down,
An' you'll know by dat
She's Alabama boun'.

Alabama boun'
She's Alabama boun'
You'll know dat
She's Alabama boun'.

Doan you leave me here,
Doan you leave me here.
Ef you gwine away and ain comin'
back
Leave me a dime for beer
Leave me a dime for beer,
Leave a dime, etc.

I ask de mate
Ter sell me some gin
Says, I pay you mister
When de *Stack* come in.

Not all Coonjine songs were rhymed. Many were mere chants, garbled versions of happenings within the rouser's knowledge, flung together as his

own ideas dictated. Miss Mary Wheeler of Paducah, Kentucky, has been setting some of these songs to music.

One was a well-known song of the St. Charles Hotel. This hostelry was New Orleans' finest; but the Coonjine reference was to the rousters' St. Charles. (That is, the warm comfortable nook under the steamboat boilers where the rousters were wont to go and hide to avoid work.) Loafing was called "ratting."

Whar wuz you last night?
Tell me whar wuz you last night?
Rattin' on de job,
In de St. Charles Hotel,
In—de St. Charles—ho-O-o-tel.

Modern times brought new habits of life, different employments. The railroads came to the river country; steamboating fell upon evil days. The erstwhile roustabouts drifted to other pursuits.

Some went back to the farmlands. Others settled down in the southern cities. By thousands they came North—Chicago's south side holding vast attractions for them.

Occasionally, along some back city streets, you will meet a decrepit old Negro who served his time on the steamboats and can (for a consideration) recall for you some old Coonjine song. For the most part, however, the roustabouts are dead, and Coonjine is a forgotten chapter in Americana.

—GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

FOR HIS KID

"MY OLD MAN CAN LICK ANYONE," THE FAT
NEIGHBOR'S BOY HAD TOLD HIS FRIENDS



THEY were both in their middle thirties, but one was tall and beefy and athletic looking, while the other was shorter and stout and soft. The flabby one stood by the tree, as if waiting for someone, lighting his pipe to kill time and watching the athlete walk toward him. The athlete saw him and wondered whom he was waiting for, and as he passed him, the flabby one threw away his match and said, "Pardon me, but I'd like to talk to you. My name is Elloit, Henry Elloit." His voice was over-friendly and nervous.

"My name is Robert Lewis," the athlete said.

They shook hands and the athlete thought to himself: What the hell is this all about? We've been practically neighbors for over six months and never said a word to each other, and now, just when I'm about to move, he suddenly becomes julia-friendly. I always had an idea he was a salesman, I bet the nitwit is an auto salesman and is going to give me the old spiel.

Elloit said: "You must know that I live in the house down the block; we've been neighbors for quite some

time now and I suppose I should have introduced myself before this, but, I'm not a good mixer and I just don't seem able to do those things. And I haven't very much time to myself—this commuting every day takes up so much time."

Lewis thought: So what? Come on, what are you trying to sell? Your approach stinks. Aloud he said: "Yes, I know how it is. That's why I'm moving back to the city, it's more convenient, despite the real-estate ads. Shall we walk?"

"No, no, let's stay here," the flabby one said quickly, then he hesitated and said: "Mr. Lewis, I have a child. A boy, Eddy, ten years old. That kid means an awful lot to me. Frankly, my life, my married life, hasn't been exactly easy or happy, and that kid is about all I have. He really is all I have."

He stopped and Lewis stared at him and thought: What the devil is this? The guy's nuts. Sure, I've seen you and your brat. On Sunday mornings when you should be reading the papers in bed, or sitting around the house, you're up trying to play with

your kid. Running around like a clumsy fool—playing ball, running. You look funny. You're so awkward that people laugh at you, the kids laugh at you, even your kid laughs at you. So damn eager to be a regular fellow and all that bunk. The fat, serious-looking father, playing with the kids and everybody feeling uneasy, you and the kids, because you look like such a damn ass.

The athlete didn't say anything and Elloit hit his pipe against the palm of his hand, knocking the ashes and tobacco out, and put it in his pocket. "You see, that kid means everything to me," he began again, staring at the sidewalk. "I guess all fathers feel that way about their kids, but it's really so with me. And I don't get along very well with the boy. I try hard to be a real father to him, the kind of a father I think a kid would want, but it doesn't work out. Things have come to a crisis now, and you must help me out."

"I must help you out?"

"Yes. If you will."

"But what have I to do with all this?"

"Without your knowledge, you've been playing a big part in my life. I understand that at college you were a famous football star—all the kids talk about it around here—you're quite a hero. And you know the way kids boast and brag about things; well, my kid got into an argument with the other kids—they all seem to bully him—and he boasted that I could

lick you. He said that I could lick you," the fat one repeated, looking at the other and then turning his head away in embarrassment.

"What the hell is this all about?" the athlete said, staring at him and wanting to laugh. To think of this tub of rabbit fat fighting anyone.

"I know it sounds crazy and all that," Elloit said, talking fast, "but it's one of those things that kids brag about and forget. My old man can lick your old man and that sort of thing. We talked like that when we were kids. Only now, my kid can't forget it. Other circumstances make it important that I do not let my kid down this time. If I do, I'll have lost him forever. This is the only time he's ever looked up to me, depended upon me for anything. He's been looking at me, waiting for me to come to bat for him. In a way it's something that I've been waiting for, a chance to really get to my child. Do you understand what I'm driving at?"

"No."

"Listen, people think that I'm a fool, ever since I can remember, I was always the fool—maybe I am. My kid thinks so too, and that's a tragedy to me, because I want that kid to like me, to love me. The point is, it may sound insane, but I've got to have sort of a street brawl with you and I've got to win."

Lewis stared at him, too surprised to talk, and thinking: My God, he's crazy as all hell. He's absolutely batty. After a moment he said: "Well,

what do you expect me to do now?"

"To help me." He replied simply.

"What can I do?"

"When we turn this corner, we will be almost in front of my house. Today is the day when I have to beat you up. I know this sounds impossible and fantastic, but I have to do it!" Elloit suddenly blurted out, almost crying. "You must understand that I have to do it!"

"Take it easy."

"I'm sorry, but this is so damn important to me. You see, as we pass my house we'll be in some kind of an argument, we'll talk loudly and glare at each other. Then you'll push me and I'll push you or hit you, not hard of course, and, well . . . I'd appreciate it if you'd fall down."

It sounded so funny that the athlete almost burst out laughing. The poor sap, the damn fool, he'd like it if I'd fall down! This was terrific.

"It will probably cause something of a minor scandal in the neighborhood," Elloit went on, "but I'll say I was drunk and started the whole thing. Anyway, it can't mean very much to you. I can't tell you how much it will mean to me."

"And what if I don't do this? What if I refuse?" Lewis asked, curious.

"Then," the fat man said slowly, "I'll have to hit you anyway and take a beating. Of course, I'm no match for you. But even getting a licking will impress my kid. Show him that I have some of the courage that he expects me to have, but thinks I

haven't. I'd feel that I hadn't let him down completely."

"No, I don't think you'd gain anything, but that's not the point. Why this whole thing is ridiculous. It just can't happen. We're men, not kids."

"Mr. Lewis, if this wasn't the most important thing in my life, do you think I'd ever have nerve enough to even ask you to go through with a thing like this?"

The athlete stared at the fat sincere face in front of him for a moment, and said: "No, I don't believe you would. All right. It sounds crazy and I don't know why I'm doing it, but I'll go through with it."

"Thank you," Elloit said, grabbing the other's hand.

After a second's hesitation, they walked around the corner and the athlete thought: He's crazy and I'm worse for listening to him. This is the damndest thing I ever heard of.

Half-way down the block, the fat man whispered: "The next house is mine."

The athlete looked at it. "I don't see your kid in the window."

"He's watching. I know he's watching."

The athlete shrugged his shoulders. "Okay, let's go into our song and dance."

The fat one said loudly: "I should say not! I won't stand for that!"

Lewis felt like a fool and didn't know what to say.

"I am not drunk!" the flabby one shouted, standing in the athlete's

way and trying to glare at him. Lewis still couldn't think of anything to say, he felt like such a dope, so he hit Elloit lightly on the shoulder. Elloit scowled, drew back his right and swung. It was a wild roundhouse right that landed on the side of Lewis's unprotected jaw. The fat man had never hit a man before, had never punched. He didn't know how to pull his blows. He simply swung and his entire weight was behind the blow. It was a hard punch and it staggered the athlete.

Lewis shook his head and said: "You rat," and set himself and clipped him flush on the chin with a straight right. The fat man sat down hard, and stared dully up at Lewis. A slight trickle of blood began to run out of the side of his mouth. Then he got up and came at Lewis. He heaved a wild right which the athlete easily ducked and the athlete dropped him again with a short right to the jaw. Elloit lay flat on his back for a few seconds, then he sat up and got slowly to his feet. He put up his hands awkwardly and came charging in, a desperate charge, his soft face determined. Lewis said: "Stay down, damn you!" and hit him two swift blows on the nose and mouth. Elloit floundered about and then fell down. His nose began to bleed badly and blood was running from both sides of his mouth, down his fat chin, and on to the green lawn.

Lewis stood over him, looking at the beaten man and feeling like a

coward and a bully. In the front window of Elloit's little house, a terrified woman was looking out, and a big-eyed pale kid standing beside her was crying. Lewis said: "Stay down, you fool. Why don't you stay down?"

The fat man shook his head and with a great effort got to his feet. As he came at Lewis, the athlete grabbed his hands and clinched. He said to the bloody face next to his: "I don't want to hit you again. For God's sake, stop this. Stop it, you crazy fool!"

Elloit shook his head and mumbled no and broke loose. Lewis blocked his clumsy blows and stared at him and thought! This poor fool, this poor guy really meant all that stuff about his kid. It is important to him, it must be. He'll keep on taking it till he drops. The guy has guts.

On the next wild swing, Lewis let the blow hit him on the side of the face, rolling expertly with the punch so that it lost all of its force. Then he slid to his knees and stretched out on the grass.

Elloit stared down at him, his mouth gasping for air, his face red with blood, but his eyes grateful. Lewis sat up and rubbed his face, as if he were hurt, and said: "I'm terribly sorry. That first punch was too hard, and I forgot myself."

"Thank you. Thank you very much," Elloit said, trying to smile with his cut lips. He turned and walked toward the house, his fat shoulders erect, and wiping the blood from his beaten face. —LEN ZINBERG



DRAWING BY HELEN KIRBY

*"Of course their brains are over rated,
But racing's lots of fun—
Just get the wire rightly baited
And watch the rascals run!"*

OCTOBER, 1938

PUZZLE COUNTRY

*EVIDENCE THAT THE CHIEF DOMESTIC INDUSTRY
OF SWEDEN IS THE MANUFACTURE OF PARADOXES*



SWEDEN is the strangest country you ever heard of. The most violent contrasts. It's a country which thinks nothing can be quite as good as what they produce at home, yet which regards the same thing from abroad as just a little bit better. A country where the conservatives continually drift toward liberalism and where the socialists astound you with their conservative trend. A country proud of its modernism, yet gloating over practices which are archaic, even barbaric. A country glorying in its tradition of freedom, yet tolerating every sort of imposition on the individual. It's a country where the national motto ought to be, "Yes,—and then again, No."

Sweden's surprises begin with the climate. Stockholm is on a parallel of latitude equivalent to the northern stretch of Hudson Bay. But if that gives you an instinctive shiver and you start to turn up your collar, you are wrong, for the city has a very mild winter. This year the first snow did not come until January 20—bare sidewalks up to then. And because snow is such a rarity, the Swedes treat

it with respect. It is not something to be heedlessly shoveled aside. In fact, a Swede never shovels his snow away. Over here, the property owner's responsibility extends to, but not beyond, his front door-step. Thus if you are down town early enough, you can see big, buxom women on their knees in front of each store with a pan of steaming water, soap and toothbrush, scrubbing the stone step so clean you could eat off it—with six inches of snow all over the walks.

Very rarely do you see drunken men on the streets of a Swedish city and the police never disturb them unless they become offensive. It is toward the motor car driver who is found to have alcohol on his breath that the constabulary devotes its solicitous ministrations. If a policeman has occasion to stop a motorist for any reason and whiffs alcohol on his breath, he is then and there whisked off to the station house, a doctor is summoned and a blood test made. If it shows alcohol above a certain percentage, the man is slammed in the cooler for six months to a year and there is no recourse, no way out, no

matter who he is. Even men of noble titles are not exempt.

And as intended, this rigorous treatment fosters a good deal of caution on the part of the motor car public. And it also leads to an occasional amusing incident. Thus the case of a very nice Stockholm married couple who had been at a party and had shipped a moderate amount of alcohol and left to go home. On the impulse of the moment, the wife took the wheel instead of her husband. In the course of heading for their summer home in the archipelago, she turned down a one-way street in the wrong direction. A strolling officer stopped her for a reprimand and asked to see her driving license, which she had left at home.

In the meantime the husband had climbed out of the car and started mewling over the officer, laughing and banging him on the shoulder and screaming, "Ha-ha! I'm drunk but I wasn't driving. I'm drunk but I wasn't driving." The woman had been drinking just as much as the man, but the officer hadn't approached close enough to get her breath. So he obligingly walked the man up and down the sidewalk to work the liquor off, while the wife drove out fifteen miles to their place in the country, fetched her driving license and returned to the scene to display it before the officer and get her husband out of hock.

Though liquor prices in Sweden are not as humane as in some of the

continental countries, they are no worse than in the States. Thus a quart of one of the better whiskies sets me back thirteen crowns, or \$3.25, while a good gin changes ownership for close to ten crowns, or about \$2.50. A very decent drinking sherry, far above the commoner grades we use in cooking, and originally recommended to me by a local Portuguese gentleman who knows his wines, sells for only four crowns a full quart, or merely a dollar.

A tremendously wide range of liquors is available in all the various categories, but you are to some extent at the mercy of the gentlemen who buy for the government liquor monopoly and their taste may not always correspond with yours. Thus I find that their ports are all too sweet. And there are some things which they don't buy at all, sloe gin being one of them.

A family man over here is allowed a monthly maximum of two liters of harder liquids—a liter being a wee bit under a quart—and any reasonable amount of lighter wines. Foreigners are not thus restricted and my book allows me four liters a month and I am told that I could get more if I needed it by pointing out that it is for my entertaining.

The liquor board won't allow a citizen even his legal maximum of two liters for a married man if they deem him not able to pay for it. Thus a chap in an office below mine is granted only two liters every three

months. The board says, in substance, "With your income, that's all you ought to spend on booze." As a matter of fact, he, and many another like him, is able to "borrow" and otherwise get access to other people's liquor privileges right along. Those who do not use the filthy stuff themselves find no trouble in disposing of their quota at lucrative profits—often four and five times what the quantity costs.

Not only is there a certain amount of moonshining within the country, but there is a tremendous volume of bootlegging from Estonia. The forty thousand islands which compose the highly scenic Stockholm archipelago offer fine hiding places for the liquor runner and many cute devices and expedients are resorted to by those in the trade.

The practice of law is on a much higher plane in Sweden than in the States and the Swedes can't understand our tremendous volume of phony law suits—such as stupidly turning your ankle as you get off a streetcar and then suing the traction company for \$50,000, alleging injured dignity. But the law itself has a number of odd quirks and antiquated aspects. Until very recently, at least, a person who stole your car from in front of your home and drove it to Uppsala, let us say, and then abandoned it was not open to the charge of theft. He had merely "borrowed" the car. Even if he were caught and confessed, all you could recover from

him at most was the price of the gasoline consumed and a nominal wear-and-tear on the car.

As an instance, a car was stolen from a Stockholm man and driven to the miscreant's summer home just out of town. Getting wind of the man, the rightful owner quietly went out to his place, entered the garage and drove his own car back home. No charges could be leveled against the thief but the owner of the car was sued and a judgment granted against him for trespassing on the other man's land!

With the Soviets moving the peasants inland from the Karelian border, over there between Finland and Russia, and making it one of the most strongly fortified frontiers in the world, it might be assumed that the Swedes would be apprehensive of a Soviet attack on Scandinavia. There are a few people up here who worry over this when dinner conversation in Stockholm veers mildly in that direction. But I think that most of them feel that Russia has too much hell popping in other directions to ogle little Scandinavia.

When I queried an officer of the Naval Staff on this point, he remarked that his crowd does not anticipate such a move. This ought to be construed as rather accurate testimony, for that profession is usually very eager to pump up war talk. I have met the same attitude among several Swedish industrialists—and they, too, would be thought the first

to agitate for war expenditures. On the other hand I find that many people in England are disposed to feel that Sweden is too prone to take a conservative stand in these matters. Which is probably partly true and partly a difference in national psychology.

Sweden is a gorgeous country for the tourist and deserves all the attention she has received in this line. But those who come here for business, study or other purposes should be braced for the shock of finding that Swedes do not answer letters, do not keep appointments, have no idea of courteous business behavior. Thus in my first month's operations here I mailed forty notes to business, industrial, and educational leaders, briefly explaining my motive and asking an appointment for journalistic purposes. In the year since then, I have received one reply—and that was from a museum director who obviously hadn't the commercial motive which should have actuated all the others.

Swedes are good spenders and never buy a thing for five crowns if they can find some one to sell them the same article for ten. Not literally, of course. But that gives you the key to their luxury tastes. Thus I am continually startled at seeing young people of modest means pay for lunches and drinks off a sizable pack of fifty and hundred crown notes.

With the people having these tastes, it has become a national axiom that no one has any money to spend to-

ward the end of the month. Thus box office grosses for the theatres always show a noticeable nose-dive during the last week of the month. We even have a vaudeville theatre in Stockholm which is so cynical as to close its doors on the twentieth of each month, knowing that they can't make their "nut" on what scant audiences can be scraped together from then to the first.

Cut up as Sweden is by lakes, rivers, bays, inlets, canals and assorted waterways, motorboating becomes for the Swede the summer equivalent of skiing—namely, the national diversion. Every summer from June to September there is a wave of population from the city to the country or coastal water courses. All life in Stockholm and other cities is at a dead standstill, with even most movie theatres closed.

The racial and religious strife which festers in many European countries does not exhibit itself in Sweden. Perhaps this is because the Swedes don't get too worked up over their own faith and therefore find it easy to be tolerant toward the religion of others.

There are about ten thousand Jews in Sweden, of whom six thousand are in Stockholm, admitted to the same circles and marrying into the same families as non-Jews. One hears no sullen muttering against them and in fact one Jewish gentleman of my acquaintance, scion of the oldest Jewish family in Sweden, remarked to me, "I

can honestly say that I have never felt in Sweden any hostility to my race or any embarrassment on its account."

As to color, there are about a dozen or so Negroes in Sweden, most of them in the entertainment professions. I am told that up to a decade ago there had been considerable color feeling up here, but it has died away and now the Negro is looked upon with considerable interest and approval.

The Swedes are ardent sports fans and give liberal support to their many athletic grounds and stadiums and to their handsome new indoor tennis courts recently opened in Stockholm. But they do not display what we in the States think of as good sportsmanship. They are as full of excuses as an Irishman.

Thus a few seasons ago an English professional football team came to Sweden, and though football is a major sport up here, the British cleaned up sensationally all over this country. Whereupon the Swedish press broke out in a frenzy of explanations to the general effect that the Limeys started their game with such speed and played with such tactical efficiency that the local boys were swept under. The thought would never strike them that their teams had merely been outplayed by a superior crowd.

Similarly the case of Harald Andersson, a Swedish discus-thrower who is normally a demon at it but who went into the Olympic match last

year and unhappily threw a few feet short of the winner. He frankly admitted that he wasn't feeling up to par that day, but the Swedish papers had to cook up some absurd story about how he had cut his thumb and thus hampered his cast.

Just recently a French tennis team has come to Stockholm and pretty well mopped up with the local contingent, the tournament being made the occasion for opening the city's handsome new tennis hall. To explain their defeat the Swedes commented, "Well, the courts were new and we'd never played on them before." It doesn't seem to have occurred to them that the Frenchmen hadn't played these courts before, either. And if it isn't this it's something else—the courts were damp, so that the balls did not leave the surface at the proper angle, or some other alibi.

This mental structure was amusingly revealed at other times during last year's Olympic Games. Sweden was rather severely beaten in most of the divisions. Yet the news bulletins in all the press offices and newsstands never made a reference to Sweden's defeat at the hands of the U. S., Germany or any other contingent. It was always "Sweden Beats Monaco" or some other rather diminutive country. This attitude, of course, is only one step removed from Strindberg's description of Sweden as being that very strange country which celebrates its defeats as victories.

—RODGER L. SIMONS



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

EGYPTIAN PAINTED SCULPTURE

The practice of painting figures in the round began in the pre-dynastic period of ancient Egypt, and from the period of the Old Kingdom onward artists thought of sculpture exclusively in terms of surface-painting. Above is a limestone head, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, dating from the 4th dynasty.

OCTOBER, 1938



LIMESTONE, EARLY 18TH DYNASTY

This funerary statue, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, illustrates the custom of painting women's flesh yellow as contrasted with the brown flesh of the man—the difference being accounted for by the outdoor life of men and the secluded life of respectable married women.

CORONET



SANDSTONE, MIDDLE 18TH DYNASTY

Another funerary statue, 15½ inches high, utilized in the burial practices of the ancient Egyptians. The necklaces and more elaborate garments of this group, as compared to the other, are an accurate reflection of a progressive development in this direction.

OCTOBER, 1938



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

GLAZED POLYCHROME HEAD

Glazing was known in Egypt during the early pre-dynastic periods, but the best examples of opaque vitreous objects were not fabricated until much later. This head, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, is dated about 1370 B. C., during the 18th dynasty when the finest wares of this type were produced.

CORONET



THE SIEGE OF MADRID

From the war in Spain there has emerged not only a new group of artists but an intensified set of artistic values. The future must determine the eventual appraisal to be placed on such work as these lithographs of *The Siege of Madrid* by the Loyalist artist, F. Mateos. But even a single glance reveals that here reborn is all the macabre, incisive fantasy that marked Goya's *Disasters of War*, which were themselves evoked out of a parallel necessity. It would have been interesting to compare these Loyalist lithographs with examples of art produced under Franco, but that is next to impossible. Only a few artists have come to light in Franco's Spain, and they are all third-raters.



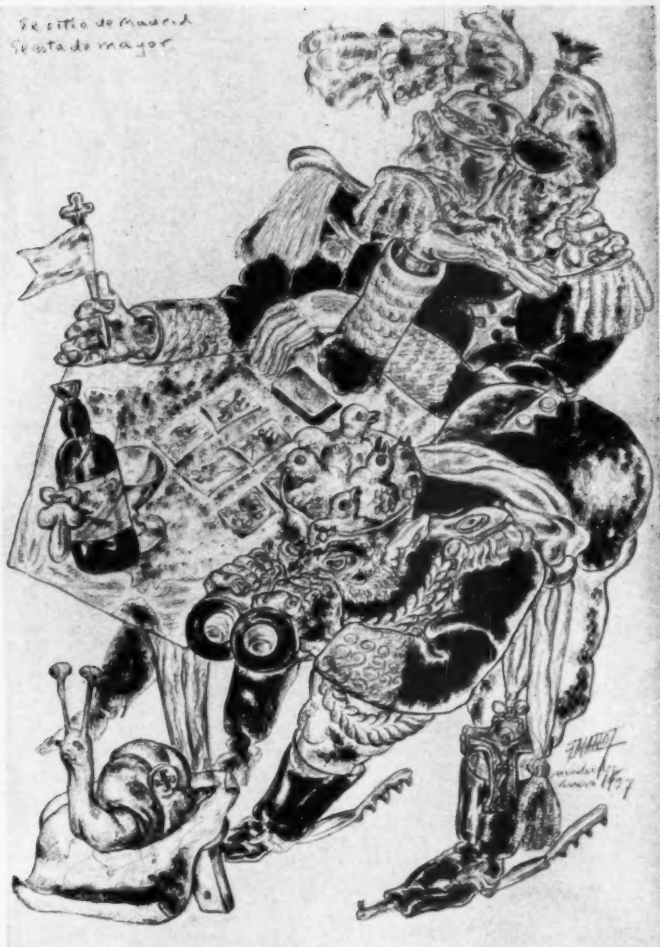
JUSTICE

CORONET



THE MOORS

OCTOBER, 1938



THE GENERAL STAFF

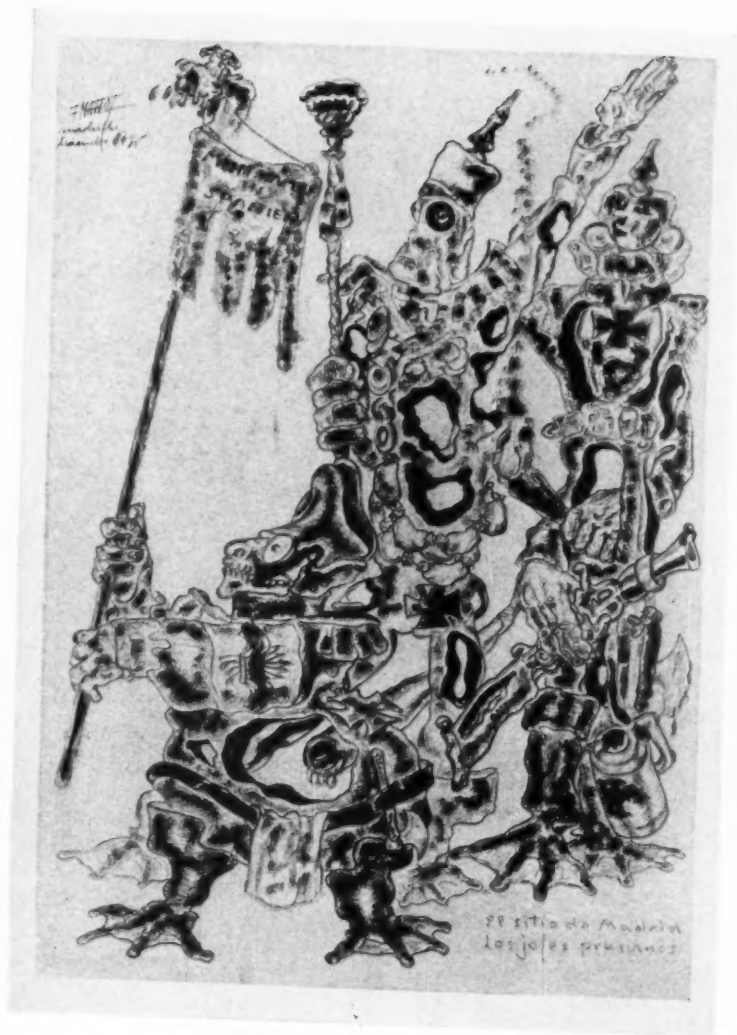


THE REQUETÉS (THE "RED BERETS")

OCTOBER, 1938

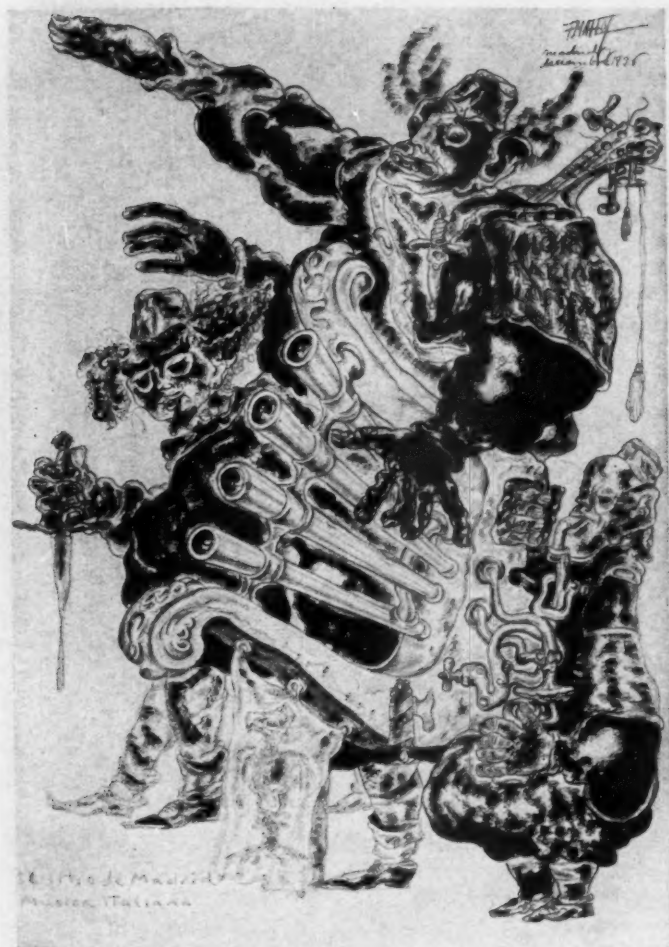


THE CIVIL GUARD



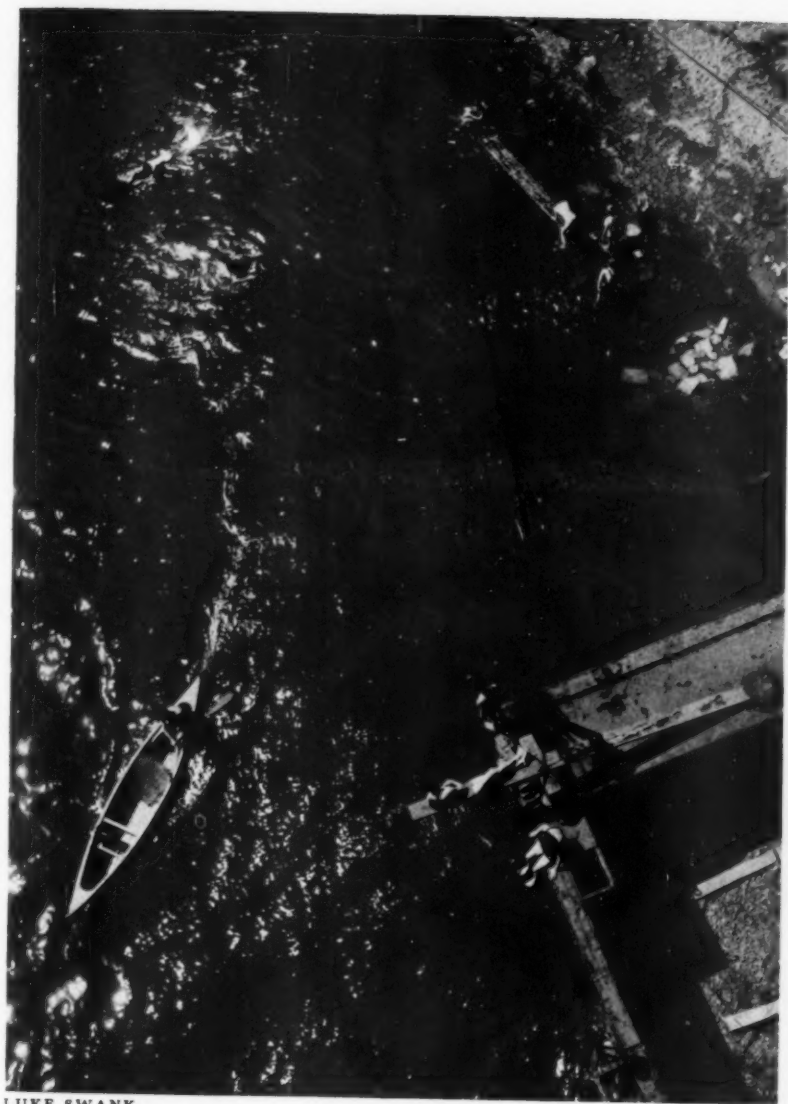
THE PRUSSIAN CHIEFS

OCTOBER, 1938



ITALIAN MUSIC

CORONET



LUKE SWANK

PITTSBURGH

BOYS AT PLAY

OCTOBER, 1938



F. BERKÓ

BOMBAY

SUNGLINT

CORONET

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W. S. TURPIN

URBANA, ILL.

PILGRIMAGE

OCTOBER, 1938



R. W. BANNER

LOS ANGELES

HOMeward SHADOW

CORONET



DR. GIDAL, JERUSALEM



KERTÉSZ, FROM EUROPEAN



LUTHY

FROM ECHO

FAR HORIZON

OCTOBER, 1938



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

FOREVER SARDONIC

CORONET



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SAGITTARIUS

OCTOBER, 1938



ERGY LANDAU

PARIS

INTROSPECTION.

CORONET

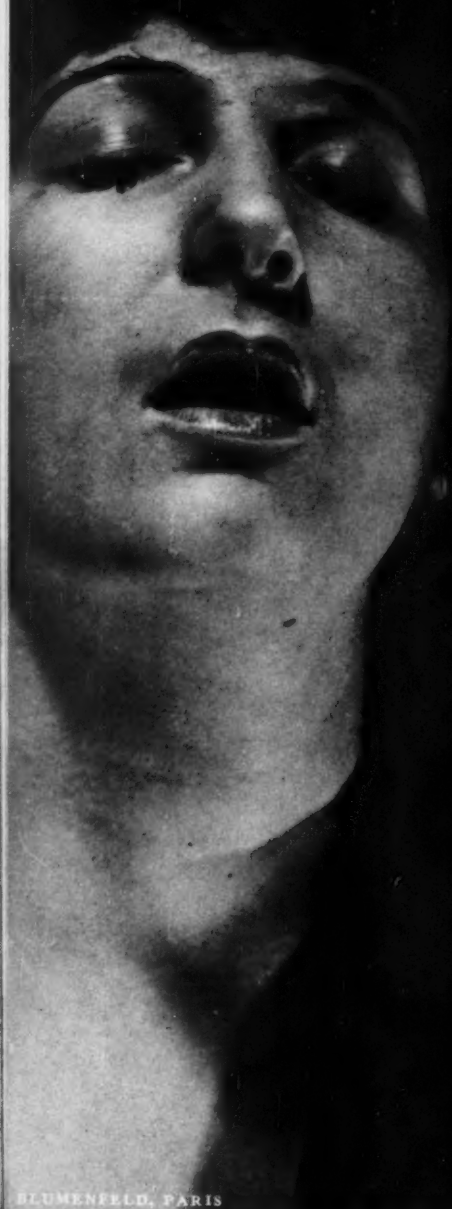


ILSE MAYER

NEW YORK

PLEASANT DREAMS

OCTOBER, 1938



BLUMENFELD, PARIS





NELL DORR

NEW YORK

THE SUGAR PLUM TREE

OCTOBER, 1938



LUTHY

FROM ECHO

FACE OF THE SAHARA

CORONET



ERNST RATHENAU

NEW YORK

PLANTER MAN

OCTOBER, 1938



JULIETTE LASSERRE

PARIS

NAUGHTY

CORONET

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

NEW YORK

BEST BEHAVIOR

OCTOBER, 1938



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

PLAYING AT WORK

CORONET



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

WORKING AT PLAY

OCTOBER, 1938



ERNŐ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

QUANDARY

CORONET



ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

COILED

OCTOBER, 1938

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ANDRÉ DIÈNES

PARIS

DRUDGERY

CORONET

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PAPILLON

PARIS

RECREATION

OCTOBER, 1938



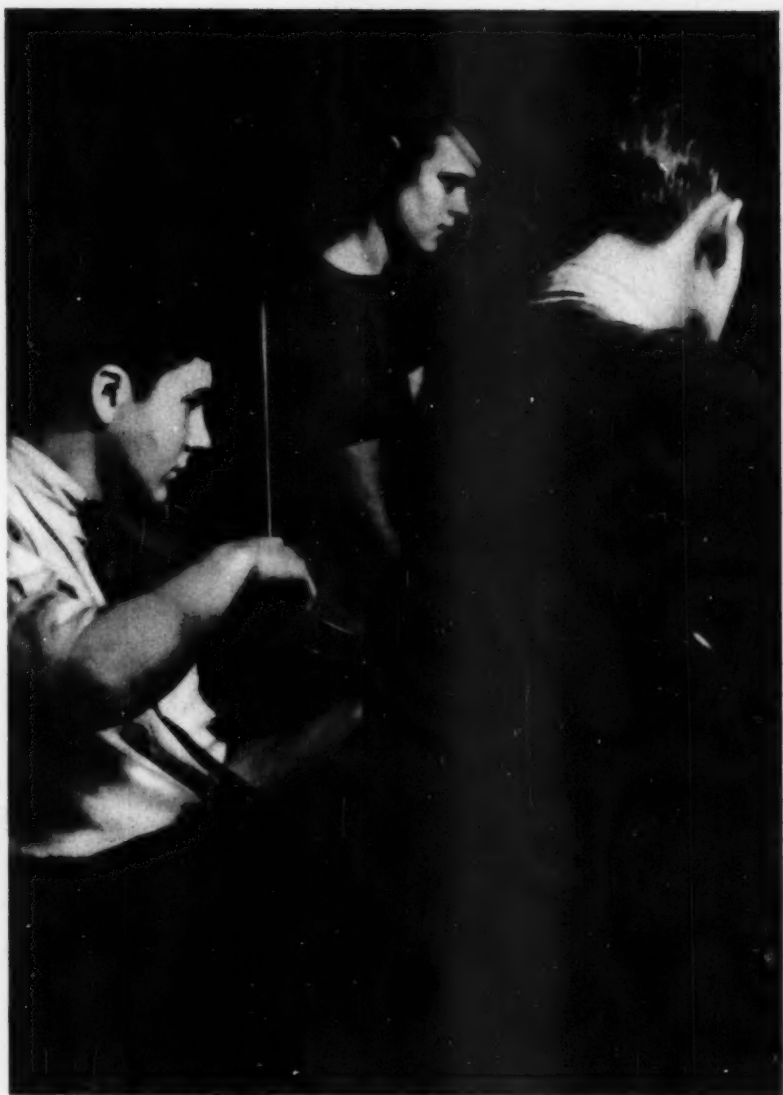
DR. N. GIDAL

JERUSALEM

PORTRAIT OF PRAGUE

CORONET

TOULOUSE
HOTEL
→



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

AVOCATIONAL

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

VOCATIONAL

OCTOBER, 1938



GAUTHEROT, PARIS



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

FAMILY DOCTOR

OCTOBER, 1938



Z. KLUGER

TEL AVIV

BURDEN

CORONET

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

BALLAST

OCTOBER, 1938

ABOUT IRWIN HOFFMAN

WHOSE FAME, BUT NOT HIS AMBITION,
IS MOSTLY CONFINED TO HIS ETCHINGS



IRWIN D. HOFFMAN is a rebellious young man. He is a capable technician in etching and painting and has a heart beneath his ribs. In his early twenties he was the boy wonder portrait painter of Boston; today, in his middle thirties, he realizes that he has a considerable distance to go before he really rings the bell. His standards have changed. He no longer feels that portrait painting is important; he would rather paint epic murals. I am not sure that he is quite sure what fork in the road to follow. He is quixotic and hungry for a faith that would enlist him and his art in unquestioning obedience.

In his eagerness to believe he leaves himself wide open to painful disillusion. He is on the defensive a good deal of the time; that is why he seems more militant than he really is. He would like people to admire his work more than they do. I have a feeling that he is in the world, but not of it. He is engaged in social passions out of the necessities of the times, rather than out of personal choice. That is why he gives me, at least, the impression of not being in balance. He is a

good man who is still a little bit boyish; he is a timid and diffident man who finds it necessary to go through the gestures of battle.

The eight etchings reproduced give you an idea of the people in whose company Irwin Hoffman likes to be—gold miners, coal miners, stokers, sailors, Mexican peons, Puerto Rican farm laborers. He relaxes in their company. He is at peace with them. They take to him as he takes to them. He uses the common man, his wife and their children in his paintings also. And the American artist whom he most deeply admires and to whom he places himself in the relation of disciple is Eugene Higgins, who not only celebrates the humble Irish peasant but has many of his qualities. And there isn't anything of the political and officious proletarian about Hoffman either, as there isn't about Higgins. There is a whole battalion of artists, certainly in and near the metropolitan centers, who have noisily adopted the proletariat, although the proletariat knows nothing about it. Hoffman is a bourgeois in his personal connections, that is, a member of the



ROCKS AND MEN

OCTOBER, 1938



CIGARETTE UNDERGROUND

CORONET



PASTORAL: PUERTO RICO

middle class, even though his father was a workman who put three of his four sons through Harvard and the fourth (Irwin) through the Museum of Fine Arts school in Boston. He knows a good deal about the point of view of Wall Street and Park Avenue as well as about that of the slums and the waterfront; as an artist, however, he prefers to haunt the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Without condescension, and without the sentimentality which, he confesses, he felt some years ago. He no longer sees people as all black or all white, de-

pending on the social class to which they belong. His chief interest is still the human race, and its environment.

Irwin Hoffman was born in Boston in 1901. He was about twenty when he became qualified to study in the school attached to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. In 1924 the school gave him a two-years' scholarship to Europe, during which time he was to copy masterpieces in museums. He spent the two years and then half a year of his own time, traveling through France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany, Holland and North Africa,



AFRICAN GOLFERS

doing a number* of things not in any school curriculum. However, he copied Rembrandt, Titian, Velásquez and discovered El Greco, Courbet, and Van Gogh. He looked quite a distance beyond the school's blinders and managed to get in some original painting. The two years was an eye-opener to art and the best thing the scholarship did for him was to help him realize that art was a far bigger thing than the narrow vision of it that was taught and maintained in Boston. (Even Sargent was a trifle too modern then, Hoffman reports.) In Rome, he spent

several months learning the technique of true fresco painting, which he has not yet been able to apply in any American commission.

He came back to America in 1927 and settled in New York. He began to paint. He calls the results "damned stupid studio stuff." Some of his early things still hang in his studio as a continuing reproach. In 1928 he gave a show of oils and water colors. Nothing much happened. The following year he went to Russia. There was so much in the air about the new world of the U.S.S.R. and, fancying himself



SAILORS' MESS

OCTOBER, 1938



MINER AT REST

CORONET



MEXICAN FOLK BAND

somewhat of a rebel, he thought he would find in it something to swear by. He returned bitterly disappointed. He found "more misery to the square inch" than he believed was possible. He put up his Russian paintings on the walls of the Milch Gallery in 1930.

The winter of 1932 he spent in Mexico, in which, from the evidence of his paintings and etchings, he had a most happy and carefree time. He traveled far from the beaten tourists' tracks and became almost an intimate of the peon at labor and at play, in sobriety and in drunkenness. The re-

produced etchings, *Mexican Folk Band* and *Mexican Wash Day*, ought to give you an idea. The exhibition of his Mexican pictures, at the Empire Galleries in 1933, was most nearly successful. In 1935 he went through the Far West, to the Pacific and in 1937 he spent some time in Puerto Rico, whose peons he found a little more sedate, and much more sober than the Mexican.

Ever since 1924 Hoffman has been making trips to and into gold mines in Canada and coal fields in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. No one



MEXICAN WASH DAY

examining the range of his work can fail to be impressed by the proportion of it which is devoted to the process of underground mining. It is obvious that Hoffman had special opportunities to go into the quartz-laden bowels of the earth, and the opportunities created the interest. Around 1933 Hoffman began developing the notes he had made in mines as subject matter, and it was a mining theme, *Miner at Rest* (reproduced) which won for Hoffman his most important award, the Mrs. Henry F. Noyes

prize, in the 1937 exhibition of the Society of American Etchers. For the New York offices of Gold Operators, Inc., Hoffman has painted three large murals, two of them on underground, and the third on placer, mining.

Hoffman is rarin' to go on other mural commissions on the subject of mining. It burns him up, he says, to have people refer to him only as an etcher. He looks upon himself as a painter first, to whom etching is a relaxation.

—H. S.



CHANTILLY MUSEUM, PARIS

FOUR EQUESTRIAN PORTRAITS

In the days when kings were kings, contemporary artists often portrayed them on horseback to give that extra regal touch. These paintings are by unknown artists of the school of Fontainebleau which, with its academic grandeur, has indeed an anonymous place in French art.



PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS I

Francis I (1494-1547), a fine full-blooded figure of a man in any guise, must have been an especially apt subject for an equestrian study. His zest for hunting was unappeasable. But he sat his throne less firmly than his steed, for he was a thoroughly irresolute and fickle monarch.

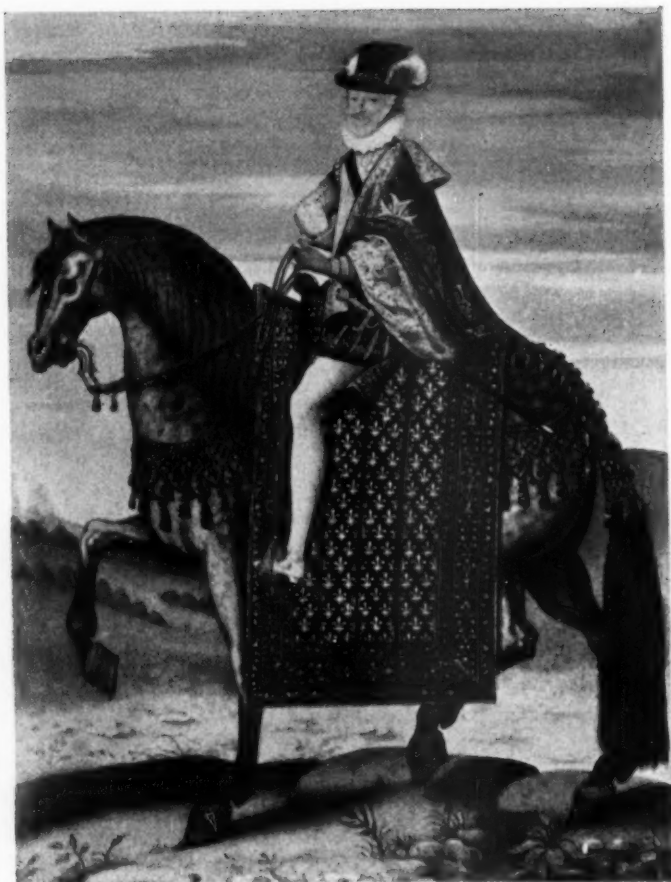
CORONET



PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF ALENÇON

The delicately lifted forelegs of the horses are a grudging concession to a fashion which dictated that the animal be shown in action. This mannerism is typical of the school of Fontainebleu which borrowed as many Renaissance affectations as it could comfortably assimilate.

OCTOBER, 1938



CHANTILLY MUSEUM, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF HENRY IV

Perhaps the most popular figure in the history of France was Henry IV (1553-1610). The artist has caught him late in life when he looks wise and wizened. Actually, the clue to his character is that he was a good soldier but a poor strategist, though shrewd counsel bolstered his reign.

STAGE TABOOS

'T WAS EVER THUS—THE PLAYWRIGHT
PROPOSES AND THE CENSOR DISPOSES



THE ways of licensing boards are always mysterious," but an astute citizen can usually, if he is aware of the agencies operating for the protection of public morals, fathom the motives behind censorship. Even an expert psychologist, however, would be baffled by the decision that, to be produced in England, *The Drunkard*; or the *Fallen Saved* must be re-named *The Fallen Saved*; or the *Drunkard*.

If you live in New York you may reasonably laugh at such petty bickering. You are an adult and sophisticated playgoer and the custodian of your own morals. You were not perceptibly shocked by the obscenity in *Tobacco Road*; you laughed at the broad humor in *Sailor Beware*; you appreciated the symbolism of *Within the Gates*; and you were not alarmed by the frankness and profanity of *Idiot's Delight*. Only evil-minded adolescents consider *The Children's Hour* vulgar, you are confident. And certainly you find no objection to a comedy which allows a young girl to find haven in a college boys' dormitory, or one in which the old-fashioned sport of "bundling" is cele-

brated, or one which flaunts an affair between a married man and a divorcee.

Perhaps you did not follow the papers at the time the Dunnigan Bill was railroaded through the New York legislature. Or you may not have been conscious of the far-reaching threat it carried to the immunity from censorship you enjoy. But if you are well informed you certainly breathed a deep sigh of relief when your Governor vetoed it.

Immediately, though, your nose went back up in the air. You are still in the only city in the country—yes, even the world—where little or no theatrical censorship interferes with your amusement. After all, you can't be bothered with the wails of protest that come from your naïve and susceptible countrymen who reside in the hinterlands to the west, north and south of Manhattan Island.

Yet only some seven or nine million people inhabit New York City and only a few million more live within commuting distance. Perhaps a fondness for baked beans and blue blood keeps you in Boston, but you heartily

resent aspersions that your moral outlook is not stable enough to withstand the pernicious influences that seep up from New York.

You didn't agree with your Mayor that *The Children's Hour* is "revolting." You wanted to see it and it wasn't convenient for you to run down to New York. As you mentally review the list of plays recently banned in Boston (*Strange Interlude*, *Within the Gates*, *The Easiest Way*, *Maternity*, etc.) you are thankful that even though your Mayor characterized *Ghosts* as "filthy," its performance was finally allowed.

If you live in Chicago, you are glad you were able to see *Tobacco Road* before the powers-that-be suddenly decided it was dangerous for the Jeeters to stay a day longer. You formerly prided yourself on being a resident of a city second only to New York in sophistication. You derive a sort of morbid satisfaction, however, when you notice that the play suffered a similarly abortive career in Detroit and that from Philadelphia to Albuquerque, with stops all along the way, it was panned to the bone.

Your home may be in Omaha, and if you are a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church you have every reason to be proud of your minister, for he successfully led the fight against the mayor who tried to emasculate *Idiot's Delight*.

But if you earn your living anywhere in the wide open spaces, theatrical censorship is not just the busi-

ness of a mayor or a censor board. Your aunt, you blush to admit, is a W. C. T. U. standard bearer of the Carrie Nation genre. She and her sisters in the faith protest when the high school play mentions drinking or when its scoundrel thinks a vulgar thought.

The cousin of your best friend who travels around Europe on the income from his father's glue factory, told you some interesting things when he was home last summer. It seems that the English are awfully touchy about the mention of God or the devil, and that they wouldn't allow *Green Pastures* at all. (You did hear of a Negro church in a University town that objected to *Porgy*, but there aren't many Negroes in England.) And when *The Doll's House* was presented in London, it appeared under some euphemistic title about a broken butterfly, and Nora returned home, repentant.

You weren't surprised to learn that the Russians wouldn't let Little Eva go to Heaven, or even talk to Uncle Tom about religion, but to take the ghost out of *Hamlet* did seem to be carrying a principle a little too far, even in an atheistic and realistically minded country.

As you ponder on these modern restraints, you no doubt think, "What fun it must have been to live in the days of Shakespeare."

All this talk about the advance of civilization is due to a mistaken notion. Those were the days when a playgoer was considered an adult,

morally speaking, and not Mrs. Grundy's child. Just think of the obscenity allowed in *Henry IV*, or *The Comedy of Errors*, or even *Hamlet*—never, of course, obscenity for its own sake, but used to build up the clever, pointed sort of dialogue that is conscientiously skipped by college professors who teach Shakespeare. And if one couldn't learn the facts of life (married or not) from *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Measure for Measure* one's brain would be too dull to glean them from fables about flowers and bees.

You must admit having been startled when you read such conversations as the one between the clown and the princess' two attendants in *Love's Labour's Lost*. There really were a few words in Shakespeare you didn't quite understand when you were in college. You weren't shocked, though, just surprised. You had been brought up in the Victorian tradition that forbade the utterance of terms describing functions commonly performed but seldom discussed.

Indeed how admirable was the frankness of the 16th and 17th century playwrights! No pressure was exerted on them and obviously none of the false prudery you abhor today was present in the audiences who laughed wholeheartedly at the bawvy jokes.

But wait. Aren't you jumping at too many conclusions when you so commend the freedom of the Elizabethan stage? Have you forgotten that your Puritan ancestors were zealously condemning even the stage it-

self; that the Church of England, powerful and influential, kept a wary eye out for those who might disturb its omnipotent sway; that the State was the divine protector of the morals of its people?

But most of all, haven't you ignored the fact that fashions in morals change with the centuries as do fashions in table manners? It might be well to refresh your memory before you so carelessly envy the theatre patrons of three hundred years ago.

"Bloody Mary," as you know, was bound and determined to make England Catholic. Witness her command to the Lord President of the North to suppress a company of players who "represented certaine playes and enterludes . . . to the slaundre of Christes' true and Catholik religion, contrary to all good ordre and to the manifest contempt of Allmighty God and the dangerous example of others."

Elizabeth, though less devout a churchgoer, was not content with flinging edicts at the heads of recalcitrants. She established a uniform system of licensing plays in 1559 and ordered that the officers permit none to be played that touched on "matters of religion . . . being no meete matter to be wrytten or treated upon."

In 1589, Tilney, the official censor, "utterly misliked" a play in which an Ape attacked Lady Divinitie, and announced that "matters of divinitie (were) unfit to be suffered."

Even that didn't satisfy the Puritans. Their influence was strong enough

to force an act in 1606 "for preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the Holy Name of God in stage playes."

So the works of Shakespeare and all his lesser brethren were scored with red pencils. "Upon my soul" and "I'faith" were marked for deletion and "Zounds" had to be changed or omitted. "Heaven" or "Jove" became substitutes for "God"; "'fore God" was diluted to "'fore me" or "trust me."

It was the policy of the state to discourage migration from country to city, as we observe when the censor cuts a line from *The Lady Mother*, in which a character expresses his dislike for smells of the country. The same character is not allowed his objection that there are "no (country) wenches half so amorous as city trippennies (oyster-wives)."

Women could not be insulted in the reign of James I. (Notice the change in *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* whereby a preference of life to honor is allowed to "many" but not "most" ladies. When one woman chooses death to avoid rape, this comment is marked for omission—"Few of your women in ordinaire will believe it. Theile rather kill themselves with lust than for it.") Neither could they express ambitions unbefitting to the Renaissance conception of their position. So, "'Tis their desire most commonly to rule, More than their part comes to, even their husbands," falls under the censor's axe.

To be sure, wily playwrights man-

aged to disobey such edicts and countless offenses escaped notice. But offenders were admonished and sometimes jailed and a great deal of censoring was actually done. In fact, every play manuscript which has been preserved is marked for some deletions. Censoring may likely be responsible for unexplained omissions and meaningless passages in the texts of printed plays of which no manuscript version is extant.

All right, you say, what about all these vulgarities in Shakespeare? If the censors were strict at all, how did they get into the actors' scripts? The answer is that to the average Elizabethan, the four-letter words and subtle ribaldry simply weren't objectionable. He laughed at the skillful play on words now outlawed as you laugh at a joke about Irish policemen (the first time you hear it). Only when obscenity became very raw indeed was it even considered vulgar.

You see it wasn't that the censor erred, or that playwrights had the freedom of the stage. It was rather that black and white keep their intensity according to the eye of the beholder. So, from the beginnings of official censorship in England to the hydra-headed variety that is such a nuisance today, someone has always taken it upon himself to "protect" the citizen's morals and to arbitrate the limits of the indecency to which the public—and you—can safely be exposed. And someone, I fear, always will.

—DOROTHEA GRIFFIN

HISTORICAL POSERS

YOU NEVER FORGET A SITUATION, BUT HOW WELL CAN YOU REMEMBER THESE NAMES?



HERE are fifty clues to famous episodes associated with historical figures. Each clue is followed by three suggested names, one of which is

correct. Count two points for every perfect answer. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 140.

1. PARADE AND A BOMB

- (a) Thomas Mooney
- (b) Robert Elliott
- (c) Joe Medwick

2. 365 DAY CALENDAR

- (a) Pope Gregory XIII
- (b) Julius Caesar
- (c) Lord Chesterfield

3. THE WEAVING SPIDER

- (a) Alfred of England
- (b) Jack Dempsey
- (c) Bruce of Scotland

4. SAN JUAN HILL

- (a) Jay Gould
- (b) Charles Goodyear
- (c) Theodore Roosevelt

5. THE EXAGGERATED PATRIOT

- (a) Nicolas Chauvin
- (b) John Brown
- (c) Sir Francis Galton

6. THE ERIE CANAL

- (a) George Clinton
- (b) James Clinton
- (c) DeWitt Clinton

7. 1,001 TALES

- (a) Baron Munchausen

- (b) Charles Lamb

- (c) Scheherazade

8. JUST A SCRAP OF PAPER

- (a) Ghengis Khan

- (b) Kaiser Wilhelm

- (c) Francis Joseph I

9. 54-40 OR FIGHT

- (a) Napoleon

- (b) Robert E. Lee

- (c) James K. Polk

10. "WE"

- (a) Duke of Windsor

- (b) Charles A. Lindbergh

- (c) Damon and Pythias

11. FATAL INVENTION

- (a) Dr. J. I. Guillotin

- (b) Hannibal

- (c) Charlemagne

12. A TEST FOR A KING'S CROWN

- (a) Röntgen

- (b) Archimedes

- (c) Pascal

13. EMPRESS OF INDIA

- (a) Disraeli

- (b) Parnell
(c) Gladstone
14. PILLAR OF SALT
(a) Sally Lunn
(b) Mahatma Gandhi
(c) Lot's Wife
15. LIBERTY OR DEATH
(a) John Hancock
(b) Nathaniel Greene
(c) Patrick Henry
16. CUTTING A BABY IN TWO
(a) Sheba
(b) Solomon
(c) David
17. LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN
(a) Alcibiades
(b) Diogenes
(c) Plutarch
18. GUNPOWDER AND PARLIAMENT
(a) William Pitt
(b) Tobias Hobson
(c) Guy Fawkes
19. MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
(a) Adam Smith
(b) Philip Nolan
(c) Henry Wilson
20. TOO MUCH FOR A WHISTLE
(a) Benjamin Franklin
(b) Alexander Hamilton
(c) Robert Fulton
21. ONLY ONE LIFE TO GIVE
(a) Nathan Hale
(b) Will Rogers
(c) Aaron Burr
22. THE GREAT REBELLION
(a) Grant vs. Lee
(b) Charles I vs. Parliament
(c) Washington vs. Cornwallis
23. REIGN OF TERROR
(a) Daudet
(b) Danton
(c) Fontaine
24. THE FALLING APPLE
(a) William Tell
(b) Izaak Walton
(c) Isaac Newton
25. THE LION'S SHARE
(a) Aesop
(b) Perault
(c) Grimm
26. *Bon Homme Richard*
(a) John Paul Jones
(b) Benjamin Franklin
(c) Jacques Bonhomme
27. LAND OF THE FREE
(a) Carrie Jacobs Bond
(b) Stephen Collins Foster
(c) Francis Scott Key
28. SPANISH INQUISITION
(a) Isabella and Ferdinand
(b) Torquemada
(c) Cervantes
29. SKULL AND CROSSBONES
(a) Frank Morgan
(b) Fata Morgana
(c) Henry Morgan
30. HALF-MOON
(a) Henry Hudson
(b) Samuel de Champlain
(c) Jacques Cartier
31. VENI, VIDI, VICI
(a) Julius Caesar
(b) Pompey
(c) Cataline
32. OLD IRONSIDES
(a) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

- (b) William Cullen Bryant
(c) Oliver Wendell Holmes
33. SEVEN YEARS' WAR
(a) Frederick the Great
(b) Peter the Great
(c) Alexander the Great
34. BULL MOOSE
(a) Grover Cleveland
(b) Theodore Roosevelt
(c) Chester A. Arthur
35. LET THEM EAT CAKE
(a) Queen Anne
(b) Katherine Howard
(c) Marie Antoinette
36. HEMLOCK
(a) Charlie McCarthy
(b) John L. Lewis
(c) Socrates
37. SAIL ON!
(a) Christopher Columbus
(b) Magellan
(c) Sir Humphrey Gilbert
38. REMEMBER THE ALAMO!
(a) Roger B. Taney
(b) David Crockett
(c) William Lloyd Garrison
39. MOUTHFUL OF PEBBLES
(a) Demosthenes
(b) Xenophon
(c) Euripides
40. PROHIBITION
(a) Orville Wright
(b) Andrew Volstead
(c) Stephen A. Douglas
41. TWO JEWELS
(a) The Gracchi
(b) The Scipios
(c) Antony and Cleopatra
42. LADY WITH AN AXE
(a) Jenny Lind
(b) Florence Nightingale
(c) Carrie Nation
43. I ACCUSE!
(a) Robespierre
(b) Emile Zola
(c) Clarence Darrow
44. TIPPECANOE AND———TOO!
(a) Zachary Taylor
(b) Andrew Jackson
(c) John Tyler
45. THE HANGING SWORD
(a) Damocles
(b) Androcles
(c) Pericles
46. MAGNA CHARTA
(a) Queen Elizabeth
(b) King John
(c) William the Conqueror
47. CLOAK AND A PUDDLE
(a) Headless Horseman
(b) Duke of Buckingham
(c) Sir Walter Raleigh
48. FRENCH MARSHAL MADE KING
OF SWEDEN
(a) Lamont
(b) Bernadotte
(c) Dumont
49. AMPUTATED AFRICANS' HANDS
(a) Leopold II
(b) Edward VII
(c) Bismarck
50. LONDON POLICEMEN
(a) Robert Hooke
(b) Sir Robert Howard
(c) Sir Robert Peel
- A. I. GREEN

MR. P.'s PECULIARITY

HE CLEARED OUT THE FALSE GODS AT BARGAIN PRICES AND SET UP TRUTH—BUT WHAT IS TRUTH?



THE first time I entered Mr. Papyrusmaster's bookshop he was deep in a quarrel with a prospective customer. As I invaded the musty aisles and walked between the tables piled high with red novels and green textbooks I caught snatches of the argument: Henry George, single tax, land values. I went past several lads in knee trousers who were reading adventure stories from a shelf of pulp magazines and paused before a table of how-to-dos. Waiting for the bookseller, I thumbed casually through several paperbacks and finally, breathing the odor of foxed paper and bindings that had lain too long in the damp, I began to read through a pamphlet of elementary chess problems.

"You don't have to buy it if you don't want to!" the bookseller suddenly shouted, "but if you had an ounce of sense in your head you'd be taking this home and learning it by rote instead of all that godless tomfoolery."

The customer, a lean high-voiced man, backed away. "I didn't come in here to argue with you, Mr. Papyrusmaster," he declared firmly, "but if

I want a copy of *The Wealth of Nations* I don't see why I should be compelled to take Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*."

I thought the bookseller would burst. His yellowish face had become an apoplectic red. He was a short, gnomelike man with an unkempt white Van Dyke and an enormous barrel of a body. He was wearing a tennis visor that sat well down over his large, high-bridged nose. He lashed the air with a lean forefinger.

"Compelling you!" he cried. "Who is compelling you? Why, you unweaned infant, I am appealing to your reason and sense of logic. Henry George's truth at twenty-five cents will do you more good than Adam Smith's fiction ever will, even at two seventy-five."

"You mean you won't sell it to me?" the other asked incredulously, still backing away as Mr. Papyrusmaster advanced toward him.

"Indeed, I will not!" the bookseller roared. "I should never be able to search my conscience in peace again if I ever allowed you to leave my shop with such worthless trash!"

The customer turned and fled. Mr. Papyrmaster shook his fist after him. "Illiterate Igorote!" he cried.

Here I put on a bold face and made my inquiry after a biography of Richard Croker. He cupped a hand over one ear and bluntly inquired, "What do you want with Richard Croker?"

I explained I was working on a political science thesis and wanted to read it for background. He peered at me closely, his eyes, small and blue, lidded red and misted with some flossy substance, shifting from side to side. "Why don't you take a book on Tweed?" he demanded.

"I've already read it."

"Well, you ought to have a copy in your library anyway." He went over to a shelf and began to pick off volume after volume. None of them contained any material on Croker.

I raised my voice. "Do you have anything on Richard Croker? The Tammany leader, you know."

"Who, Croker?" He blinked at me.

"Yes."

"No. We have a nice volume on Tweed. You know when he was a lad he used to belong to a fire engine company—" And he went into a long discourse on the young manhood of Boss Tweed.

Finally, I, too, began to back toward the door. He caught at the lapel of my coat. "How about a life of Aaron Burr? Master politician."

I told him I had recently read a life of Burr. That gave him pause for only a moment. He scratched ener-

getically in his beard and put a gnarled hand on my arm. "You're not going to be writing a fiction when you get your book?" he rasped and I saw the skin of his parched lips crack and begin to bleed.

"No," I assured him.

He reflected a moment then suddenly prodded me with his elbow.

"You wouldn't be wanting a few cheap novels to read over the week end?"

"No."

"A fine bargain in them." He waved toward a table. "As many as you can carry for a dollar. I am disposing of them," he declared. "I am done dispensing trash and the vagaries of weak-minded scribblers. When these are gone I shall not let another work of fiction cross my threshold. It is time humanity was weaned from fiction and learned to sustain itself on truth."

"There should be a brisk trade in these things," I ventured.

He looked at me angrily and the veins in his temples swelled. "There is!" he shouted. "But must I forever pander to unhealthy appetites? Even the Israelites only spent forty years in the wilderness!"

I edged from the place.

I had occasion to enter his shop about a month later to pick up a back number of a periodical. The sign over the magazine table clearly read "15—2 for 25c" but when I presented payment the bookseller demanded a quarter for the single copy.

"But," I said, "I'm only taking one."

"I don't see that that should make any difference," he declared. "The placard reads very clearly fifteen—two for a quarter—"

"But I am paying you fifteen."

"My dear boy," he went on heavily, "fifteen is merely the valuation I set upon a single copy. However, as the placard states, the price is two for a quarter and whether you take one or two is no concern of mine."

I could hardly tell whether he was ribbing me or not but I paid the quarter. He declared he had no paper in which to wrap the magazine but did offer me "an elastic band."

On my next trip to Mr. Papyrmaster's shop I suffered a shock. The walk before his store was occupied with stalls heaped with books, each carrying a placard on which was lettered: "Take a Novel—Pay What You Can." I blinked at that. Mr. Papyrmaster had apparently meant what he said the last time I saw him. Inside the shop a great transformation had taken place. The stacks of magazines were gone. Musty volumes sat on the shelves, neatly lettered subject cards over each section. The floor was swept clean and at the rear of the shop several flat-top desks were arranged, each covered with a small collection of books. And Mr. Papyrmaster—I hardly recognized him.

He had dyed his beard black. He no longer wore the tennis visor but instead a pair of spectacles on a long black ribbon. However, his face was

still yellowish and liver-spotted.

"*Ave!*" he cried. "*Ave!* I've been expecting you! Well, what do you think of the establishment now?"

I said it was magnificent and noticed that his lips still cracked and bled when he smiled, his blue eyes were still spotted with white matter.

He beamed. "I am pleased you like it. Gratified. This is the greatest adventure of my long career. I have at last disavowed the false gods of the marketplace. No more of them for Papyrmaster. I said to myself, 'Papyrmaster, you have worshipped Baal and Ashtoreth and the other repugnant idols long enough!' Whatever years remain to me I shall devote to the Truth. No more shall I hawk deceit and falsehood written out by little men for the pleasure of the undiscerning. From this day not a work of fiction, no volume that does not breathe truth from every page shall pass through these doors."

He waved his hands and pointed to his shelves.

"Behold! Every field where man has delved honorably to find the truth."

"I hope your trade is as good as ever." I read the subject cards over the books in one rack: Astrology, theosophy, palmistry, numerology—

"Better," he cackled and sank his hands deep into his trouser pockets. "Better than ever. Confidentially, I never dreamt so many people were hungry for the truth. My faith in mankind has been renewed."

—LOUIS ZARA

CRAZY LIKE A FOX

THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO SKIN
JUSTICE OUT OF ITS INTENDED VICTIM



IF YOU ever get yourself arrested for murder, you'll have several months in a nice quiet place to think of a defense. So it may as well be a good one, especially if it can be made to sound more convincing than the truth. Thus, you may assert that you were in Atlantic City when the victim was killed in Chicago; or that it might have been two other fellows; or that it is a case of suicide; or that you are too crazy to be responsible.

The last technique is not recommended by murder experts as it is too uncertain, and in spite of popular opinion to the contrary, it isn't really as simple as hiring a couple of alienists to swear under oath that you suffer from anal-eroticism or hypertrophy of the Oedipus complex. But since the newspapers will insist on chopping down a couple of forests to make enough paper to print all the evidence whenever a defendant does plead irresponsibility, we owe it to ourselves and our posterity to get this insanity-defense business straightened out once and for all.

No matter how crazy you really are, the law will have your life unless

you can show that your psychosis fits into an uncomfortably rigid formula. This was set up in 1843 in the day of the covered wagon and it has not been streamlined since. Centuries of argument preceded its adoption and it has remained in force these ninety-five years even though psychiatry has made some progress since then. In another hundred years or so—unless by that time the whole populace has become as crazy as some of its leaders—the statutes may have caught up with present-day medicine.

As recently as the 18th century you had to be as irresponsible as a wild beast before you could beg off from an official necktie party at Tyburn. Henry DeBracton, an English judge, laid down the law known as the *Wild Beast Test* in 1250, and it was most clearly enunciated by Lord Tracy in 1724. According to this jurist, the defendant could not be convicted if he "doth not know what he is doing no more than an infant, a brute or a wild beast." In other words, if you were a raving maniac you could pass the test; if you were slightly less noisy, you were out of luck. This state of affairs

disturbed even the bewigged British judges who, speaking through Judge Fitzherbert, introduced a new idea in the 16th century. This was known as the "*Twenty Pence Test*" according to which you can kill your mother-in-law with impunity if you "cannot count or number twenty pence, nor can tell who your father was, nor how old you are." This, of course, operated to exempt idiots, but didn't touch lunatics who, like most other wise persons, know their own fathers.

A hundred years later, the idea that knowing *the difference between good and evil* was the criterion of responsibility, seeped into the criminal law. Curiously enough, this ancient formula, which was abandoned two centuries ago, still clings to the minds of most American lawyers (who ought to know better); and if you stop an attorney some dark night and ask him what the test of responsibility is, the chances are a hundred to one he will tell you that the question turns on "knowing the difference between right and wrong."

In 1760, an English Earl (Lord Ferrer) was tried by a jury of his peers, and acting as his own lawyer, pleaded that he was insane, and brilliantly cross-examined witnesses who stated the contrary. The peer argued that he was usually too drunk to distinguish good from evil, though he was certainly sober enough while arguing the point. In 1800 Lord Erskine in the Hadfield case, departed from the idea of evaluating the defendant's

abstract concept of good and evil by insisting that the real question was whether the defendant knew that his particular performance was evil. For instance, you might know your Ten Commandments in theory but still think it was perfectly proper to kill your mother-in-law, or commit just a little adultery. In such a case Lord Erskine would have told you to go and sin no more because you didn't realize the wickedness of your particular offense even though you could pass an examination in moral philosophy. Four decades later, a new element entered the formula—that of the prisoner's knowledge of the *nature, character and consequences of the act*. This was laid down by Justice Denman in the Oxford Case in 1840, and it is the direct antecedent of the Standards used in most of these United States. Substitute the term "quality" for "consequences" and you have the exact wording of our current criterion. A trivial alteration perhaps, but many a man has been hanged on account of it.

In 1859 a smart defendant named Haynes thought he could escape the gallows if he could prove himself the victim of irresistible impulse. But Justice Bramwell put a reef in his sails by pointing out that many of us would yield to impulses were it not for fear of the law. This is the so-called "policeman-at-the-elbow" test, and it works like this. Ask one question: would this allegedly insane defendant have committed the crime had a

policeman been at his elbow at the time? If the answer is "no," then away with your psychiatrists and psychoanalysis! He knew it was wrong, and he could have resisted it. As yet, the "policeman-at-the-elbow" test has very little legal standing, except in the privacy of the jury room where, one suspects, it sooner or later occurs to the talesmen.

In 1842, Daniel McNaghten, suffering from paranoid dementia praecox with a system of persecutory delusions which included the idea that Sir Robert Peel was hounding him, killed John Drummond, mistakenly identifying him for Peel. The jury felt that in the prisoner's distorted mind this murder was an act of self-defense and acquitted him. But Sir Robert was an important fellow, and his colleagues in the House of Lords did not relish the idea of exculpating someone who cherished a grievance against noblemen. Accordingly they sent four questions to the judge asking for an advisory opinion. The answer to question number two contained the formula that is now written into the case-law or statutes of almost every state in this country. The wording is: "to establish a defence on the ground of insanity it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the act, the accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, or if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong." This more or less informal

opinion has been frozen into American jurisprudence so solidly that, for example, a New Jersey justice could state: "It is so completely imbedded in the administration of criminal law as to be considered no longer subject to challenge." (*State v. Mackin*, 36 Atlantic 1040).

It must be obvious that the joker is the adjective "wrong." Does it mean "legally wrong" or "morally wrong"? McNaghten himself probably knew that his offense was legally wrong, but justified it as being morally right. The late Justice Cardozo suggested that a guilty defendant would have to know that his offense was morally wrong, and adversely criticized the lower court in the case of *Father Schmidt*, for trying to restrict the test to acts which are legally wrong. Old murder fans will recall this melodramatic case. *Father Schmidt*, apparently acting in response to hallucinatory commands which he thought were orders from God, killed *Anna Aumuller* in September 1913. The prisoner felt that divine instructions transcended ordinary laws, and Judge Cardozo said: "If there is an insane delusion that God has ordained the commission of a crime, we think it cannot be said of the offender that he knows the act to be wrong." But *Father Schmidt's* conviction was sustained and he was executed. In this case, *William Allen White* suggested that the horror which this crime, particularly in connection with its sexual angles, aroused, was responsible for popular pressure which

would not allow the lunatic to escape punishment.

The factor of popular indignation frequently upsets the legal apple cart. It is reasonably safe to suppose that if Hauptmann were insane (though, in fact, he probably was not), he would have been convicted by the jury anyway, so intense was the popular revulsion at the Lindbergh kidnaping. All kidnapings are atrocious, but the esteem in which Colonel Lindbergh was held, made a crime against him a sort of unofficial *lèse-majesté*.

The reverse of this is seen in our "honor killings." These appear to be a peculiarly American sport. In the typical case a cuckolded husband kills his wife's paramour and is acquitted on the grounds of temporary insanity through the operation of an "unwritten law." Just as popular opinion will not allow the insane killer of a hero to escape, so it will not allow the sane murderer of a marital pinch-hitter to be convicted.

The most famous instance of this kind, though by no means the first, was the Thaw case. Here it was probably the fact that, rather than being solely influenced by the testimony of the alienists, the average juror put himself in the place of the accused and, thus identifying himself with an "outraged husband," allowed Thaw to escape the electric chair.

Of course, there are always a few people "who might well be underground and who never would be missed." In case you have a little list

of such public nuisances you may think you might set yourself up as a benefactor of society by eliminating some of them. In that event you will do well to consider that one can never be sure even the most famous of alienists will swear you are "touched" just to earn a few dishonest shekels. The popular idea seems to be that psychiatrists have psychoanalyzed away their consciences to the point where they can swear that a person is sane or insane depending on the size of the fee. The truth is, however, that the question is not one of sanity at all; it is a question of responsibility—and this may be something very different. As a rule a pair of psychiatrists will agree as to the sanity of a particular defendant. The fun begins when they have to determine whether the person knows that what he is doing is wrong, or whether he can tell the nature and quality of his act—whatever that means. For instance, Sir James Stephen tells of an idiot who cut off his brother's head while the latter was sleeping, and then explained to his horrified parents that the brother would surely be surprised when he awoke and couldn't find his head. Now, it is possible to make out a case for the contention that this fun-loving fraticide didn't know the nature of his act, that is, that he didn't know it was by nature, something criminal or abhorrent. But it is equally possible to contend that he must have known that this frivolous performance would result in severing the head from the

body and that, therefore, he knew the "essence" or "nature" of the act. There is nothing corrupt in cleaving to either thesis, and it is natural enough for an alienist to give the benefit of the doubt to the side which has aroused his sympathy. In any event, there is no reason to condemn the doctor for difficulty in interpreting the complexities of science and behavior when members of the United States Supreme Court cannot agree on interpreting the relatively clearer laws written by their fellow-attorneys. Only the man who thinks he knows all the answers is sure that psychiatric testimony is determined by the fee. And the man who thinks he knows all the answers usually doesn't.

Some inquisitive cynic is sure to ask why the doctors try so hard to keep a homicidal lunatic alive. "After all," the argument runs, "suppose the defendant really *is* crazy . . . so what? He's a menace to society. Why keep him alive?" The answer is that we punish crime to satisfy a lust for revenge, and this lust is not aroused unless the criminal intended to do harm. Of course, college courses in criminology are dedicated to the idea that punishment has a three-fold motive—to deter others, to keep the criminal from harming society, and to reform him. But that's only in the textbooks. Actually, punishment is vengeance. Segregation doesn't protect the community, because sooner or later the criminal is returned to prey on society once more, and he is usually more

bitter and more misanthropic after the dose of imprisonment. If segregation were a protective weapon, release would depend on the character and dangerousness of the criminal and not, as now, on the gravity of the offense. The deterrent value of punishment is obviously not very great, since we have as many criminals now as we have ever had. Even the severe corporal and capital penalties of 16th century England didn't deter criminals. And nothing in prison life is likely to rehabilitate a human being. Nor will the electric chair reform its occupant. So, off the college campus and away from the Woman's Literary and Discussion Club, we may forget the other functions of punishment and admit that it is a method of vengeance. We are outraged by a crime, and by all that's holy we are determined that someone will suffer for it. And the greater or more atrocious the crime, the more we are outraged, and the harsher our vengeance. But if the defendant had no guilty intent, it's hard to get worked up about it.

The real difficulty, of course, lies with the responsibility formula itself. But that is the work of the lawyers, not of the doctors. And if it doesn't quite seem to fit the problems of today, remember that it is almost a century since Daniel McNaghten killed John Drummond. But even today, if you want to get away with murder, be sure that you can rate a passing mark on the old McNaghten test.

—DAVIS P. FRADLEY



PLEA FOR PERSONAL ATTENTION

Stand on the corner of any city street,
And watch the parade of the freaks pass in review.
It is not the born deformed, the maimed, the ailing,
Nor the ill in mind, of whom I speak.
It is the unwieldy with fat, the man,
Huge-stomached, who has not seen his toes in years;
The shapeless woman waddling like a duck;
Round, bending shoulders and the leading chin,
Long arms hung ape-like, and the genuflecting knees;
The concave chest and jutting hips. . . .

It is the puffy nose, the bloodshot eyes;
It is the face meant to be pleasant to the sight,
The body formed for ease and grace in motion,
Neglected to become impaired and ugly.
It is the many who, inert and meek,
Let life misshape and mar them, of whom I speak;

—IRMA WASSALL



IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY

OLD HERTZA WAS OUT TO REGENERATE THE WORLD,
AND HE STARTED RIGHT IN ON THE FUNDAMENTALS



THE hand of the law has a blue sleeve and a white cotton glove. And it is considered a serious offense to interfere with an officer making an arrest. Yet we tried.

"He's all right. We know him, officer."

"No. I got to pull him in."

"What did he do?"

"Plenty. Let him tell it to the judge."

"But wait a minute, officer. We know this man and he is a scholar and a gentleman. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

"I don't care. I got to pull him in."

This scene took place at one o'clock in the morning at the corner of Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue. The young blue-eyed Irish officer had hold of the old garret revolutionist, the well-known Bohemian, who really came from Bohemia and spoke with a thick Slavic tongue. Voltaire Hertza wore a small beard like Balzac, a big black hat like the anarchist, Bakunin, thick eyeglasses that might have belonged to that ego-individualist, Max Stern; he had a short, lumpy Karl Marx nose and rather soft, watery ready-to-confess blue Tolstoyan eyes.

Besides all this, as most people know, Hertza once published an Almanack for the Revolutionist, was a good friend of John Reed and Debs, wrote a glowing article at the death of Governor Altgeldt, carried on a mild correspondence with Kropotkin, who was then in London, and made his living as cook of the Seven Arts Inn. On occasion he also washed the dishes.

But now the hand of the law was upon him.

"I got to pull him in," repeated the cop.

"Unhandle me, you hirelings," said Hertza. "You hirelings from the state. Prostitutes! That's what you are."

"That's all right, Professor, but I got to pull you in."

And there was nothing else that could be done about it.

"Yes, I go. But don't touch my body. I want go and make protest. Always it is crime in the name of liberty. Humanity bleeds and suffers."

And that is how Hertza was arrested. Quite a crowd followed him to the station house for we felt he was innocent or at least quite innocent.

We had all attended the Friday night at Alice Fogg's apartment, and a lot of cigarettes were consumed and a big steaming ham was served by the butler at about midnight. Ham and beer. And this was the way rich Alice Fogg told her Greenwich Village guests that it was time to go home.

Hertza had his portion of ham and several bottles of the beer. He was one of the first to leave Miss Fogg's apartment and the rest of us were not ten minutes behind. But now it was one o'clock in the morning and we were all on the way to the station house.

Someone suggested that a wire be sent to Clarence Darrow who had always defended the humble libertarians and that Lincoln Steffens be notified, as well as the labor defense committee. Fortunately nothing was done in these directions, for when we got to the station house, the charges were simply disorderly conduct.

And so Voltaire Hertza was not accused of manufacturing bombs or inciting to riot or plotting to overthrow the government or anything noble at all. He was simply charged with disorderly conduct. And this of course put a different complexion on the whole business.

He stood rather sheepishly before the lieutenant's desk and he smiled and said: "Now all right. Tonight comrades, they will lock me up. But just you wait until tomorrow in court. Then I will make big protest in the name of liberty and humanity."

Well, this sounded very good and the words "liberty" and "humanity" echoed in our ears as we went home that night. There seemed nothing else to do but wait until morning.

At a quarter of nine not a soul was in the courtroom. A court officer appeared about ten minutes later. The clerk came in at nine o'clock together with the porter who got a long pole from the corner of the room and began closing the windows so no draught might disturb the legal air in the room. Then lawyers and witnesses and relatives arrived and the court officer got out his pocketknife. With this pocketknife he tapped on the railing when he cried out: "Stand up everybody. Order in the court."

Then the clerk cleared his throat and rattled off his "Hear ye, hear ye" speech and the first case was called.

We did not have to wait very long before the prisoner, Revolutionist Hertza, was led into the courtroom. The young Irish cop who just had to pull him in was on hand and stepped forward.

The officer was the first to speak.

"Picked him up at corner Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue, one o'clock this morning."

"What are the charges?" asked the judge.

"Disorderly conduct, your honor."

"What kind of disorderly conduct?"

"At one o'clock in the morning on Fifth Avenue, your honor."

"You must make your charges more specific," said the judge sternly.

"Well, your honor," the officer tried to explain. "I was on the other side of the street and saw him come out of the house. And because of his disorderly conduct I just had to pull him in."

The judge seemed irritated and repeated in a strong voice: "You must make your charges more specific."

"Well," the officer stammered and his face flushed a little. "Your honor. It was disorderly conduct on Fifth Avenue and he should have gone in the side street or somewhere."

Now it was all clear.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the judge and turning to the prisoner he asked: "And why didn't you go in the side street?"

Voltaire Hertzka straightened up and cast a defiant glance about the room.

"In the side street by the poor people is all right but on Fifth Avenue . . . Bourgeois! Bourgeois! You know what means the words Vested Interests and Leisure Class and in the Constitution of the United States, what does it say about the rich people on Fifth Avenue? Nothing! Bourgeois!"

The judge leaned forward and spoke to the prisoner.

"Before I impose sentence upon you, is there anything you would like to say in your own behalf?"

There was a brief silence. Hertzka drew a deep breath, looked about the courtroom coolly and began.

"All over the world, in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna and London and Rome,

in Moscow, Peking, Marseilles . . ."

Then he paused for another deep breath and continued: "All over the world, in Baden-Baden, in Venice where they have gondolas . . . All over the world even in Scotland, Ireland, Wales—the whole British Isles—they have what is called comfort stations. You know what is comfort stations!" He cried these last words with great emotion. "And here in New York is no comfort stations! You can give me laws and reasons but not even a judge can make an argument with nature."

The judge pounded with his gavel. This was a long speech such as he had never heard before; but now he thought it had all gone far enough.

"Five dollars," he called.

"I will sit and make protest," replied the prisoner.

"Five dollars or five days?"

"I welcome prison with open arms. I want to make a sacrifice for the people. All over the world is comfort stations."

Between us we quickly collected five single dollar bills and handed them up to the clerk.

The next case was quickly called and Voltaire Hertzka, the Revolutionist, the Bohemian from Bohemia, this Voltaire Hertzka was forcefully ejected from the courtroom. First he was "pulled in" and now he was thrown out.

Well, that is how justice seems to work and perhaps that is why the hand of the law wears a white cotton glove.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

A NOTE ON FOSTER

HE WHO BEST RECALLED MAN'S PAST IS HIMSELF
PERMANENTLY ENSHRINED IN THE MEMORY OF MEN



THE Fourth of July, 1826, marked the dramatic closing of an epoch in American history. At Monticello, the author of the Declaration of Independence looked for the last time over his beloved Virginia hills, and closed his eyes. In Quincy, Massachusetts, old John Adams, second president and the Declaration's principal defender on the floor of the Congress, sat all day in his chair, mumbled incoherently, and sank rapidly as the sounds of the demonstration came through the window. The Republic was celebrating its fiftieth birthday: an infant among the family of nations had put on its first long pants. Those who tended its birth were dying and, with them, the past symbolically went down to its grave.

The same day, shortly after noon, on a bluff above Pittsburgh, Stephen Foster was born. From her tiny bedroom, his mother heard the band in the near-by woods, where her husband was toasting "The Independence of the United States . . ." and feared lest the cannon salute deafen her baby. . . . He, more than any other man, was to mirror the new

epoch and voice the thought of the times in song. He was to sing of "de cotton field, de shubble, and de hoe," to boast *Better Times Are Coming*, to pine for the *Old Folks at Home*.

★ ★ ★

With its growing pains, the young nation shed the elegancies and formalities of colonial days. The plain people sent Andrew Jackson to the White House and made a fact out of the notion that any boy could be president. In the new era, the American gained his reputation as a hustler. The door to the boundless spaces of the South and West was wide open, the power of the Indians was crushed, and floods of settlers poured down easy slopes into the fertile valley of the Mississippi.

Through the "jug-neck" where young Foster lived, they came . . . on flatboat, prairie schooner, horseback, and foot. Pittsburgh was the clearing-house for the life of the great river valleys. And "Little Stephy"—as he was called—was to see it all.

A child of seven, he went with his mother's slave-girl to a church of shouting Negroes. With neighbor

boys, he played "show," imitating the antics of black-faced comedians . . . and the sentimental songs he heard on river boats. At school, restless and unhappy, he learned of pioneer youth. His first job, bookkeeper for his brother's commission-house in Cincinnati, brought him in direct contact with cargoes and crews en route to the Far South. For three years he heard woollen-headed Negroes singing on the levee, met the varied types that crowded the river front; the fashionable aristocracy of the South in crinoline and lavender-water.

Sensitive, gentle, friendly though shy, with a large head and large soft black eyes, young Stephen Foster kept to himself. He read, and roamed the woods alone hearing the rustle of leaves, the falling of twigs, the birds and the water. He had a yen for writing down melodies. When he was six, his mother wrote: "Stevan has a drum and marches about . . . with a feather in his hat and a girdle about his waist, whistling *Old Lang Syne* . . . there still remains something perfectly original about him. . . ."

He wrote his first songs for the "Knights of the S. T.," a secret society to which he belonged, and gave the manuscript copies to various minstrels. About his twentieth year, CHRISTY'S FAR-FAMED AND ORIGINAL BAND OF ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS began singing his tunes, which spread from mouth to mouth over the whole country. He himself heard the 49-ers, as they passed through Cincinnati, singing

their own words to his music for *Oh! Susanna*, which is now immortal.

Soon as he got a contract with an Eastern publisher, he decided to make his living writing songs. He had set a nation singing, but yet he was making a bold step. No one in America's patent medicine era—nor for decades after—regarded music as a profession. Until *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, even liberals considered the theatre the chief weapon of the devil. Songs were confined to church and the parlor, and no red-blooded man would think of writing music as a job.

Unfortunately, no friend had the foresight to recognize young Foster's talent, to encourage him and help him develop it. He made his struggle alone, against opposition and ridicule. But his mind was firm.

Simultaneously, he decided on marriage. The story of his proposal is told by his granddaughter:

At the time Stephen was courting my grandmother (*Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair*), she had another attentive admirer . . . a lawyer, wealthy, handsome, and distinguished in appearance. Stephen suffered somewhat from the contrast, as he was small in stature and not the type which women call handsome. One evening, owing to some miscalculation, both called. Steve came first. When his rival was ushered in by Old Black Joe (Foster promised to put this old darkey into song and he did), Steve promptly turned his back upon the pair, took up a book and read the evening through . . .

At ten-thirty calling hours were over in those good old days, and the rival, punctilious in all things, rose, wrapping his military broadcloth cape about him elegantly, bid the forbidding back of Stephen a low, sweeping "Good Evening, sir." No answer from Stephen. Jane

accompanied her beau to the door, and when she returned Steve had risen, was standing by the table, pale and stern.

"And now, Miss Jane, I want your answer! Is it yes, or is it no?"

The two were married. After their daughter came, Stephen decided to take an office, to be more workman-like in writing songs, and try to satisfy his wife—by adopting at least the outward habits of a business man. The two did not see alike. Jeannie was a Methodist and his associations with the theatre, particularly with minstrel troupers, where he delighted in taking their child, shocked her. She was efficient and could not understand his "dreaming." She hoped to persuade him to return to a regular business and never realized how much music meant to him.

In spite of obstacles, he was more successful than legends state. His royalties were tops at the time—\$15,000 in the eleven years before his inspiration waned. His parents died, and he went to New York, ostensibly to be near his publishers. This was a fatal move. He was not at home in an impersonal, cosmopolitan center. He needed friends, companionship, the surroundings of his youth.

Away from all this, ill in body and spirit, disillusioned and weak, he sought refuge in drink. He drew his royalties in advance, turned out song after song, mere pot-boilers, to pay for rum. A lady who worked in a music store tells this story:

One day I was speaking with the clerks, when the door opened, and a poorly dressed, very dejected man came

in, and leaned against the counter near the door. No one spoke to him. A clerk laughed and said:

"Steve looks down and out."

Then they all laughed, and the poor man saw them laughing at him. I asked, "Who is that man?"

"Stephen Foster," the clerk replied. "He is only a vagabond, don't go near him."

"Yes, I will go near him, that man needs a friend," was my reply.

I was terribly shocked. Forcing back the tears, I waited for that lump in the throat which prevents speech, to clear away. I walked over to him, put out my hand, and asked, "Is this Mr. Foster?"

He took my hand and replied: "Yes, the wreck of Stephen Collins Foster."

"Oh, no," I answered, "not a wreck, but whatever you call yourself, I feel it an honor to take by the hand the author of *Old Folks at Home*. I am glad to know you." As I spoke, the tears came to his eyes and he said:

"Pardon my tears, young lady, you have spoken the first kind words I have heard in a long time. God bless you!"

He sank lower and lower into the gutter . . . and died in a ward of Bellevue Hospital from wounds received in a fall. His worn little purse contained three pennies, thirty-five cents in scrip, and a small piece of paper, on which was penciled:

DEAR FRIENDS AND GENTLE HEARTS

★ ★ ★

Scarcely had he been lowered into a grave near his *Old Folks*, when a deluge of "last" songs glutted the market. Publishers everywhere cashed in on his name . . . and today his melodies ring on unceasingly . . . the richest treasure of our musical folklore. Millions sing *Nelly Bly*, *Nellie Was a Lady*, *De Camptown Races*, *Lou'siana Belle*, *The Merry, Merry Month of*

May, Oh! Susanna, without realizing that they were written by the author of *Dearer Than Life*, *The Bright Hills of Glory*, *Beautiful Dreamer*, *He Leadeth Me Beside Still Water* and the same man who wrote *Come, Where My Love Lies Dreaming*, *Open Thy Lattice, Love*, *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair* and *Uncle Ned*, *Old Dog Tray*, *Oh! Boys*, *Carry Me 'Long*, *Massa's in de Cold*, *Cold Ground*, *Old Black Joe*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, and *Old Folks at Home*.

In recent years, a complete collection of his works has been made—of manuscripts and first editions and of all available personal effects and interesting correlative documents—10,000 items in all—and put on permanent display in the most expensive shrine ever erected to a composer: the *Stephen Foster Memorial* in Pittsburgh. In addition, 1000 complete sets of his works, requiring eight tons of specially made rag paper, have been privately printed and gratuitously distributed to libraries, film and gramophone companies, and other strategic centers. No other composer ever had so much done for his memory.

The homestead which first heard his cries has been sharply disputed and fought over. Henry Ford bought what was reputed to be the little "white cottage" Stephen's father built. Ford put it in his Greenwich Village, where today it is shown as Stephen's actual birthplace. Relatives claim Ford got the wrong house, that Stephen never at any time lived in this house.

The State of Kentucky made a

museum out of the Rowan mansion near Bardstown, which is supposed to have inspired *My Old Kentucky Home*, and countless unfounded legends are told about it. In Fargo, Georgia, a shaft has been erected at the head of the stream Stephen never saw but made famous, the Suwannee River.

Certainly, Stephen Foster was the South's best press agent. But he did more than suggest an atmosphere, more than voice a mournful plaint of the plantation . . . more, even, than breathe new melodies into the air, melodies as fresh and clear and touching as a voice of a child. He taught the world that the lowly joys and sorrows of the Negro were its own.

It is true his reach was not large, but his grasp was sure. His harmonies rarely go beyond the three chief chords, but never have they been imitated. The scope of his genius was limited, but it was genius all the same.

* * *

Times change: a modern tempo, modern patterns displace the old . . . but human beings are the same. Despite the skyscraper, the airplane, television, human beings cherish still a deep-rooted nostalgia for the happiness of yesterday . . . a tender regard for experiences once treasured and now swept to oblivion on the tide of passing years.

Stephen Foster sang of these emotions—emotions which remain secure in the heart of every man—and thereby achieved immortality.

—CARLETON SMITH



DRAWING BY HELEN KIRBY

*"How would you birds and rabbits feel
About a League of Nations?
'Twould mean we stronger ones could steal
The little fellows' rations."*

OCTOBER, 1938

PRINCE OF THE EVERGLADES

OSCEOLA KNEW HOW TO THANK THE WHITES FOR
GENEROUSLY DEEDING HIS TRIBE THE SWAMPLANDS



IN *Evangeline* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow shed rhymed tears over the plight of the French Acadian who were expelled from Nova Scotia and transported to distant lands. No poet, however, has yet raised his voice to lament the mass removal of the Indian tribes of the Southeast, whose expulsion from their homes a hundred years ago was attended by incalculable misery and bloodshed. If an epic tragedy is ever written of these Indian removals perhaps its outstanding hero will be Osceola of the Seminoles, a redman who, badly treated by the whites, fought courageously against them, was through treachery arrested while conferring with an American general under a flag of truce, and died in a military fortress at the age of thirty-four.

The Indians of the Southeast frequently owned slaves, usually men and women of enemy tribes who had been captured in raids or in battle. After the white men introduced Negro slavery the Indians in time also acquired black slaves. Long before the American Revolution Negroes belonging to planters and to Indian tribes

escaped from their masters and fled across the border to Florida, where they found refuge with the Seminoles under the Spanish flag. The Seminoles, too, were slaveholders but their slaves enjoyed a semi-independent status and were required to give their owners only their loyalty and some share of whatever they produced, corn or stock or peltries.

To placate the people of Georgia who complained about the slaves they lost across the border the United States made a treaty with the Creek nation in 1790. In this treaty the Indians promised to return all the fugitive Negroes living among them; incidentally they also promised to return the slaves living among the Seminoles. To this treaty the Seminoles objected, claiming justly that the Creeks were not authorized to make agreements for them; and the treaty commissioners should have known better. Such an assumption of authority on the part of the Creeks was bound to cause difficulties.

In July, 1816, General Church was ordered into Florida to round up

fugitive Negroes and to restore them to their rightful owners. Of course, Florida belonged to Spain but the Spanish monarchy was weak and the local Spanish government in Florida was even weaker; besides the Southern states had been eying the peninsula since the purchase of Louisiana in 1803.

Learning that a large number of Negroes were at Fort Appalachicola, General Church marched there. In the fight a cannonball struck the powder magazine of the fort. The magazine blew up and killed 270 people, including many Indians. The Negroes left alive were captured and taken back to Georgia. In reprisal the Seminoles raided along the border and in 1817 massacred a party of forty whites on the Appalachicola River.

Then General Andrew Jackson invaded the Seminole country. The only good Injun might be a dead Injun to "Old Hickory," but he did not hesitate to employ Indian allies. Aided by Creeks he attacked and burned towns and captured many fugitive slaves. His swift campaign put an end to the First Seminole War, as history has smugly entitled it. In 1819 the United States purchased Florida from Spain, Jackson's seizure of Pensacola being employed to convince Spain of the wisdom of selling what it could not properly defend and administer.

Now the United States negotiated with the Indians on behalf of Georgia. On January 8, 1821, at the Treaty of

Indian Springs, the Creeks ceded to Georgia five million acres of land for \$200,000 plus a sum of \$250,000 to be paid to Georgia to satisfy the state's claims for its runaway slaves. That treaty left the Seminoles a dejected people, for again they had not been consulted although their lands had been bartered.

Two years later commissioners came to the Seminoles and informed them they must leave their fertile lands and their cultivated fields—no longer theirs—and remove from the Suwannee and Appalachicola Rivers to the interior of the peninsula below Tampa Bay where the soil was poor and barren, where as the aggrieved Seminoles protested, "Neither the hickory-nut nor the acorn nor the persimmon grows."

At this time the Seminoles numbered about 5,000 people and were divided into thirty-seven little towns. They were not wanderers living in tepees or lodges but cultivators of land who dwelt in cabins, generally built in oblong shape and plastered with mud. It is doubtful whether they could have been persuaded to leave peacefully this land upon which they had lived for generations had not six principal chiefs been bribed to sign the agreement with the commissioners.

When the Indian agent William P. Duval saw the land to which the Seminoles were sent he, too, was struck by the unfairness of the bargain. The Indians had been given swampland so incredibly bad that

Duval said, "By far the poorest and most miserable region I ever beheld!" In addition, the Seminoles were given a paltry \$6,000 in stock animals and an annuity of \$5,000 in cash or approximately one dollar annually to each member of the tribe.

Many of the bands moved promptly. Some remained, reluctant to go. From Georgia slaves continued to escape and to seek refuge with the Seminoles. White men who claimed to have lost slaves simply went among the Indians and seized Negroes allegedly belonging to them. Not only slaves but even stock animals were taken and Indian cabins were burned.

It was inevitable that the Indians should turn on those who mistreated them. The situation was tense with dangers and uncertainty. A solution to the problem was attempted with a proposal that the Seminoles should leave Florida entirely and should remove west of the Mississippi River, where land was plentiful and there would be no friction between the races. Numbers of Creeks had already made their homes there. Suspicious that the new proposal was merely an attempt to enable the Creeks to rule them, the Seminoles opposed removal.

Nevertheless, in 1830 Congress passed the Indian Removal Act. Two years later Colonel James Gadsden was sent to parley. He arrived in the Seminole country after a severe drouth had reduced the Indians to the consumption of roots and palmetto leaves.

Craftily Gadsden offered the starving people food if they would agree to remove across the Mississippi. Stubbornly they refused to listen. Later they agreed to send a party to look over the lands that would be given to them. But at Fort Gibson, while still on the exploring trip, the Indian scouts were induced to sign an agreement promising to move.

The treaty commissioners knew that such an agreement would not be honored since it had not been authorized by the whole tribe. Nevertheless they insisted that the treaty was valid and binding and that the Indians must remove within three years. Furthermore, the government was determined that the Seminoles, whether they liked it or not, should unite with the Creeks across the Mississippi, and the Seminoles were informed that their paltry annuity would be paid to the Creeks, who would in turn, presumably, dole it out to them.

On October 24, 1834, a council was held at Fort King, the purpose of which was the ratification of the treaties of Payne's Landing and Fort Gibson and the making of arrangements for the removal to the west. One after another the Seminole chiefs signed. Finally it came to a young warrior who was not a chief but who had distinguished himself by his bravery and tactical skill: Young Osceola, no more than twenty years old, marched up. Instead of reaching for the quill he reached for his dagger. Swiftly he stabbed the treaty parch-

ment. "The land is ours," he cried. "This is the way I will sign all such treaties." The treaty would be held valid by the white men without Osceola's signature, but his dramatic behavior brought others to his side and Osceola would never be without a following.

Osceola, whose name means "Rising Sun," was born on the Chattahoochee River in 1804. His Indian father's name is not known; his mother was the daughter of a Creek chieftain. He was brought to Florida by his mother in 1808. His youth was spent on a plantation about Fort King, near the Suwannee River, the site of present day Ocala. When quite young he married a Creek girl named Morning Dew. She was the daughter of a local chief, but her mother was a descendant of a fugitive Negro slave. By Southern slave-holding laws Morning Dew was, technically therefore, a slave and the property of the man who had owned her mother.

Some time after he had refused to sign the treaty Osceola took his bride to visit Fort King. There, to his mortification and grief, Morning Dew was taken from him by the white men. She was a fugitive slave and was to be resold into slavery. Osceola's chagrin and rage led him to attempt to recapture her. For this, as well as to set an example to other Indians, General Wiley Thompson, the agent in charge of local Indian affairs, had him forthwith clapped into irons.

Immediately Osceola feigned contrition to secure his release. But when he was allowed to go he plotted revenge upon those who had stolen his bride, and upon the Indian agent, who had formerly been friendly to him but who now treated him as no better than a slave himself.

Older heads attempted to dissuade him from the vengeance for which he schemed. But the treatment the Seminoles had got at the hands of the Americans the last twenty years aroused many to stand with him.

Craftily Osceola watched and waited. On December 28, 1835, he surprised General Wiley Thompson and a friend of the agent's, Lieutenant Constantine Smyth, and killed them both. Those deaths marked the beginning of what is known in American History as the Second Seminole War. That same day a party of Seminoles under the nominal leadership of Micanopy, the chief of the tribe, ambushed a battalion under Major Dade, near the Great Wahoo Swamp, and practically annihilated it, wiping out a hundred men. Osceola led the attack.

In an engagement with General Church and a force three times his own he was wounded and compelled to retreat. Thereafter Osceola took refuge in the Everglades, emerging to assault posts and to attack parties of soldiers and settlers. Untrained, he was nevertheless a leader of considerable skill and as long as he lived kept the peninsula in terror. However,

perhaps because he had four children of his own he was merciful to the women and children of the whites. His war was a war on men.

Early in 1836 General Gaines marched eleven hundred men from Tampa Bay to Fort King. He found no provisions and prudently, inasmuch as he could not live off the land, attempted to march back to the bay. Osceola, however, had watched his progress and now, perceiving that Gaines was unsure of himself, attacked. On February 27 he had Gaines maneuvered into an untenable position. Osceola proposed a truce, but fortuitously General Church appeared on the scene with reinforcements and Gaines was saved.

On June 8, 1836 Osceola led a well-planned assault on the fort at Micanopy and almost carried it. A month later he boldly attacked Fort Drane. This time he narrowly escaped capture himself. At all times he maneuvered his braves with a surprising knowledge of military tactics.

To General Thomas D. Jessup was now entrusted the task of subduing the Seminoles. Jessup began an aggressive and merciless campaign. He invaded Indian country, burned towns, slaughtered cattle and ponies and destroyed stores of coontie root, from which the Indians made their bread. So vigorously did he lay the land waste that minor Seminole leaders began to give up. Perhaps all would have surrendered had the

white men not frightened them with their constant hunting for fugitive slaves.

In September, 1837 Osceola sent Coacoochee, a leader no less celebrated than himself, to negotiate terms for peace. General Jessup at once instructed General Hernandez to capture Osceola at all odds, even with the violation of a truce, if necessary. Jessup's command was in violation of good faith, but the general was desperate.

Together with other chiefs and under a flag of truce, Osceola arrived for the conference. At once the entire party was taken captive! Disdainful of such treachery, Osceola did not even storm at his captors.

But confinement seemed to affect his health. He got what was diagnosed as a quinsy throat and could not be rid of it. His friend, George Catlin came to paint his portrait. Four days after Catlin visited him, Osceola died. Moved by the Seminole leader's personality and simple dignity the Fort Moultrie garrison buried him with military honors.

The removals of the Seminoles continued. Bands, to the number of some three thousand persons, were shipped west of the Mississippi, to be allotted poor lands by the Creeks. Only a handful remained on the Floridan peninsula. Now in all of the United States from the Gulf to the Great Lakes and east of the Mississippi River the white man was overlord.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

RED MENACE

*IT WAS AN EASY CHOICE—TASHIMOTO DEAD OR
TASHIMOTO ALIVE, THINKING DANGEROUS THOUGHTS*



SERGEANT TASHIMOTO was very weary. The long route-march of the morning, the noon battle at the canal, the capture and subsequent mopping-up of the village on its banks, each operation in itself constituted a day's effort on the very meager rations that an out-distanced commissariat could advance to the victorious troops ahead. A few rice cakes with water was hardly the fare, he thought, on which fighting men should be sustained, a negative plagiarism of Napoleon that was entirely unconscious and quite original, since Tashimoto had never heard of any save his own tribal heroes.

This mopping-up was necessary, he supposed. After all, these Chinese lice could not be allowed to lurk in cellars, root-houses, and their holes on the canal bank, for to overlook any, even if they passed as civilians, might mean Communist assassins in the rear. A Red's transformation from soldier to civilian, he had been told, was amazingly facile. He simply threw away his rifle.

But Tashimoto sighed as he ordered his platoon to attention and awaited

the orders of his officer. There had been gory work at noon, but the blood had been hot, and somehow did not seem to stain as readily or be as disgusting as that which the bayonet releases in a dark gush from beneath hands clasped in supplication. He thought of home and of his service station on the mountain bench, where blood was never spilled, and the cherries were ripening juicy and red with no screen of smoke between them and the sun. But these Chinese Reds might reach even the thrice-sacred slopes of Fujiyama, if not beat back beyond their deserts. You never knew . . . He saluted stiffly as his lieutenant approached.

"Sergeant, you will take your squad along . . ." The officer broke off irritably in his instructions. "'Tenshun!" A man in the front rank had stirred slightly and fidgeted with his rifle.

Tashimoto glared. The soldier whitened, trembled, and then stammered out:

"There, Honorable Sir! Behind you, Honorable Sir!"

They swung around, Tashimoto

decorously after his officer. A tall, emaciated, but powerful Chinese broke cover from behind a tottering wall and darted across the intersection, looking neither to left nor right, but zig-zagging, with the crouch of one who races against the bullet he already feels crashing into his back. But the distance was short; he gained an alley and disappeared.

"After the spy!" snarled the lieutenant, "Bring him back here!"

They broke like hounds on the scent, but silently. Tashimoto was first of the pack, as was his place, but fatigue gave him shoes of lead, and he mentally cursed the inopportune appearance of the Chinese and the dull-witted ranker who had discovered him. He had reached the alley and was passing under its low-arched entrance when a stone turned under his foot and he pitched sideways, then plunged heavily down stone steps to a clay floor, the breath knocked out of him.

Gasping, he sat up with his bayonet at the ready, for dark dwellings were dangerous in this war. But the bright glint of a revolver barrel, unwavering in the half-light, checked any further action. The tall Chinese sat by the doorway, covering him. Without aiming, Tashimoto squeezed the trigger of his rifle, but the hammer only clicked, and Tashimoto saw then the gay kimonos of his children in the little orchard behind the service station and Flower of the Lily, his wife, chiding them with gently uplifted

finger and smiling face, just as they all had been one day last summer before the war. Then he flung back his head, and awaited the crack of the revolver.

But the Chinese did not move a muscle, until, after a moment that seemed hours to Tashimoto, he spoke in measured and painstaking Nipponese.

"Honorable enemy of my poor country, the chamber of your rifle appears empty, and before you can shoot the bolt, or use your bayonet, it will be permitted this miserable creature to fire. So now, oh small man with the courage of many?"

Tashimoto thought hard. "If your excellent presence fires, my comrades will find this wretched hiding place."

"And if the brave sergeant of Nippon should be so indiscreet as to make a move, it were well for this poor worm to shoot, and chance their finding him. In the tongue of the foreign devils, 'Check!'"

Tashimoto laboriously dragged the sour, damp air into his lungs, while magic lantern images of the orchard and the road that wound around the mountain ledges came and went against the blackness of the hut's recesses.

"Brave sergeant of Nippon, why did you come to ravage this poor earth loved by Chong Toy, unworthy son of his ancestors though he be?"

The answer was easy enough for Tashimoto; it figured in various forms on nearly every Order of the Day.



"That, most worthy son of a thousand philosophers, is a matter understood by all the world, even by this humble person. We come to bring order into China. We are not the enemies of the land, but its friends. We will stop the raids of the Communists, and put an end to the foreign exploitation of our brave Chinese brothers!"

The other smiled grimly. "These poor eyes saw the war-birds of Nippon dispensing friendship to the villagers before the battle this morning. The foreign devil has a saying: 'God deliver me from my friends!' Honorable sergeant of Nippon, tell me—have you in your lovely land of flowers and sunshine never been exploited?"

Tashimoto remembered the oil company's increase in price last spring, and its concurrent demand, under threat of cutting off supply, that for the sake of volume the retail price should remain as before.

"Well," he muttered, forgetting the little flowers of speech, "That is different. I am exploited by my own."

"By your own. Of a great wisdom is the saying: 'Every dog loves his own fleas better than those of the cur his neighbor.' Honorable sergeant, did you come to this poor country of your own free and worthy choice, also?"

The voice was not menacing, but there was menace in the implication, and Tashimoto reflected in fearful ap-

prehension concerning the near future.

"This unworthy soldier came because the God-Emperor ordered him." He thought how the oil company had said "Starve!" and the God-Emperor "Die!" and wondered if the service station were not of more importance to him than order among the Chinese, then finished hastily, "This vessel of weakness had no choice in the matter."

"Did then the tower of strength to Nippon choose his own exploiters?" the suave unrelenting voice returned.

Tashimoto's fear was lost for a moment in resentment directed against himself as much as his mental persecutor. Thoughts were stirring that he knew must be unlawful, so he attempted a firm stand.

"It profits neither this humble person nor his honorable opponent that they deal with matters so high above the heads of soldiers. If the worthy presence would come peacefully, much unpleasantness would assuredly be avoided, since my men are sure to search for me and find us here."

"Even with the knife at its throat, the goat may still bleat for the lightnings to blast his butcher. A question comes to my insignificant mind; might it be that those who exploit you in Nippon might desire only the exploitation of China likewise?"

"They wish only to free China, to restore order!"

Chong Toy nodded gravely, and continued:

"And if we suppose they exploit

China too, do you think, honorable sergeant, you who are also exploited will benefit by the wealth these ruthless ones amass?"

"What of it?" burst out Tashimoto desperately. These thoughts were assuredly unlawful, and therefore dangerous. "It has always been so, since the rivers ran. Does it matter to the goat whether the hand that holds the knife be white or brown?"

The Chinese smiled blandly "Not at all, honorable sergeant, but it matters to him that the knife is at *his* throat! Also, in the end, he pays the wages that reward the hand that slew him. Little brother, those who exploit pay not for this war; nor are taxes as light on the poor man as on the rich. The bread of the honorable sergeant will be lighter and coarser before the exploiter is glutted."

Tashimoto thought of his searching men. If they should listen at the doorway, and hear talk such as this! A word to the officer from a toady . . . and fear had bred many toadies! He dared think no farther.

"Understand!" he exploded, "I did not come to slay the fount of wisdom who is my brother. We have held pleasant converse each with each." He hesitated, then adopted more directness: "See here, I will slip away, and you will take your chance. Hide here, or go, I will not betray you. Much has been given me to think about, and I cannot destroy that which instructs. The honorable master of wisdom is not a Red, but one

of great sense and understanding."

Chong Toy smiled faintly again. "One thing more before we part, little brother of Nippon. The dog may prefer his own fleas to his neighbor's, but should be also mindful that while the other has them, he can never hope to deal with his. You of Nippon are exploited too, and we could, if we would, join hands to free both China and Nippon of all fleas and masters. When, as now, the exploiters have division among themselves, we have our opportunity. Remember that, oh honorable enemy, when you are weary of this war!"

Tashimoto nodded. "I shall remember the words of your wisdom! Good fortune guide my brother to safety . . ."

He was out the door as he spoke and doubled back to where a part of his squad awaited with some tattered prisoners. Trembling for possible consequences he explained his failure, blaming it on the turned ankle. But the officer was in good humor; three heads were not such a bad trade for the one that had incited the search.

"No matter, sergeant. We have these Reds here. Line them up."

He lighted a cigarette, while Tashimoto chewed his mustache, remembering the conversation in the hut and forcing dangerous thoughts into recesses of his mind whence they as constantly popped back again. The balance of his men returned, leading in their midst a tall Chinese whose eyes met Tashimoto's, and the sergeant blanched. But the other stared unblinking at him and looked away again.

"Aha!" enthused the officer. "A big one, eh? He, my children, should be good for practice. Stand him apart from the others."

Of his own accord the Chinese backed to the wall. Sergeant Tashimoto standing to attention beside his officer scarcely heard the words of command, or the rattle of the rising rifles, but the crack of the volley sounded like a signal in his ears. Chong Toy doubled at the knees, slumped forward, and then fell sideways. His head twisted until his cold grave eyes caught Tashimoto's, held them, and spoke to him:

"Remember!"

—ALEXANDER BURNETT

SO MANY YOUNG MEN

They wanted to die,
That Democracy might live;
But through some misunderstanding
Democracy
Made it a suicide pact.

—MARY LANIGAN HEALY

OCTOBER, 1938

AN ALIEN SORROW

THE MELANCHOLY STRAINS OF THE PATHÉTIQUE
FILLED GÉZA'S SOUL WITH A GRIEF NOT HIS OWN



LAST fall I spent a few days of rest in the country with an old friend of mine. My friend Géza works his fingers to the bone on five hundred acres in the flat Nagyunság country, remote from all movement, from all culture, even from church bells. You can trot half an hour from Géza's farm before you come in sight of the first church spire.

It's years since I've last been to the old white farm. It's not often that fate gives you a holiday to do what you like with. And it's a rare joy to visit a distant good friend who is always expecting you. On the first afternoon, we walked out to the beetfield because that is farthest from the house. Géza had his gun hanging from his shoulder; he carries it by habit, so he can take a shot at a passing flight of partridges if we stir them up. There were three of us, with Rops, a beauty of a young German setter.

I felt very uncomfortable when Géza gave Rops a flogging because Rops had chased a rabbit that was gamboling in the stubble. But I didn't interfere; I know that setters have to be taught discipline when they are young.

We went on in silence for a few minutes. Rops was still whining behind our backs. Géza had his eyes on the ground. Suddenly he gave a funny little hoarse sort of laugh and said:

"Do you know I whined just like Rops a fortnight ago. Would you believe it? For the first time in this blasted life since my fifth birthday."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I'll tell you something, though. About three weeks ago I was determined to shoot myself."

"Absurd. What made you want to do that?"

He said nothing. I didn't insist. Instead I put my arm into his, and we went on.

"You're alone too much," I said.

"Oh, it isn't that. There's no sense in doing anything, you know. There's no sense in anything, that's all. But that isn't what I was going to tell you. The funny part is this. Two or three days later I looked at the radio program and I saw that Paris was going to broadcast Tchaikowsky's *Sixth Symphony* at 9 o'clock that evening. Well, I tuned in and began to

listen to the *Pathétique*. I was sitting at the table, smoking a cigarette, I had picked up *The Dog Breeder* and was turning over the pages; I was perfectly calm, there was no stray thought, no emotion, at large in my mind. And suddenly, when the fourth movement began, I felt as if a strange hand were taking hold of me and shaking me. . . . I dropped the paper, I went hot and cold, I gasped for breath. . . . I started to cry, man, to howl: my head dropped, my shoulders shook, my tears flowed like wine flows from an overturned glass. It took me a quarter of an hour to recover. This is what happened to me at the age of forty-four."

"I think, old man, it was the best thing that could happen to you."

"I haven't finished yet. Four days later, after supper, I looked at the program again. I discovered the *Pathétique*, broadcast from Warsaw. God only knows what possessed me, but I tuned in on Warsaw at the hour given. I stood there, in front of the radio, perfectly calm. Nothing happened until the fourth movement. And suddenly, without any sense of pain or grief or any particular emotion, I had another attack. The same idiotic thing over again. I tried to breathe deeply, to straighten myself. . . . I was utterly incapable of controlling myself. Strange, wasn't it?"

"Very strange."

So strange, indeed, that in the evening, when we were alone, I began, with half unconscious intention, to scan the paper that had come by the

afternoon mail for the radio program.

"Look here," I said, "the *Symphony Pathétique*, played by the Bucharest Philharmonic Orchestra."

"Yes," Géza said, "they play it somewhere or other almost every day."

He was silent. I felt he was searching my eyes.

"At what time?"

"Eight-thirty. It must have just started."

"Do you want me to listen?"

"Yes, old man. You aren't alone now; perhaps you can resist it, cast off the spell."

"Very well. Let's try."

He whistled as he turned the dial. After some meowing, a few howls that lasted a second or two, and some jazz rumblings, he found Bucharest. The delicate string music uncoiled itself and filled the room.

Géza sat down. We were silent. I looked at the radio. The smoke from our cigarettes curled upwards and trembled in the air. Géza fingered the tablecloth absent-mindedly.

Then came the melancholy chords of the fourth movement.

Géza turned to me with a little nervous laugh. Then he drew the ash-tray towards him, and knocked the ash off his cigarette. I thought everything would be all right.

But in another moment I heard the sound of a great broken sob, like the tremor that passes through one at a sudden gust of cold air. Géza was sobbing convulsively.

I immediately went up to the radio

and abruptly turned off the music.

"I'm sorry, old man, it's my fault."

"No, it's nothing . . . just a moment . . . Forgive me." He tried to rise from his chair, pressing my hand, and I could see him clenching his teeth to suppress his sobs. At last he got up, the tears still streaming from his eyes. He shook himself energetically, determined to shake off the attack.

"It's over, thank God," he said.

The struggle had lasted about five minutes. He was smiling now, wiping the moisture of his tears from his face with a handkerchief. "The idiotic part of it is that I feel no emotion whatever during these moments. I have the deliberate feeling that the person who is howling like a baby isn't myself but someone else."

"Well, my dear fellow, you'll have to avoid the *Pathétique* for a while. I think that's all the treatment you need."

And suddenly I recalled something . . . a faint suspicion fluttered in my memory, like a bird's feather flutters

when it has been picked up by a breeze.

I said nothing to Géza about it; I did my best to start him on more amusing subjects. When I returned to town, however, I followed up my recollections. I re-read a biography of Tchaikowsky.

I found the passage I had remembered. It said that while he was composing the *Sixth Symphony*, Peter Tchaikowsky once tried to commit suicide. He threw himself into the icy River Neva. His friends, who were walking with him, rescued him. The suicide attempt was made at the time when he was at work upon the fourth movement.

Poor old Géza, there was something in what you said about it not having been yourself who sobbed when you had that fit of weeping.

Those who come after us will know more about everything than we do. We can only muse about the phenomenon of human souls communicating with each other across time and across space. —ERNŐ SZÉP

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 107-109

1. A	11. A	21. A	31. A	41. A
2. A	12. B	22. B	32. C	42. C
3. C	13. A	23. B	33. A	43. B
4. C	14. C	24. C	34. B	44. C
5. A	15. C	25. A	35. C	45. A
6. C	16. B	26. A	36. C	46. B
7. C	17. B	27. C	37. A	47. C
8. B	18. C	28. B	38. B	48. B
9. C	19. B	29. C	39. A	49. A
10. B	20. A	30. A	40. B	50. C

BACK FROM THE DEAD

FIRST HAND ACCOUNTS, REAL OR IMAGINED,
OF BRIEF JOURNEYS INTO THE WORLD BEYOND



On the Brink

Oslo. Dr. John Mjoen was called to attend a sailor, and finding him unconscious, gave him a camphor injection. The sailor opened his eyes, and whispered, "You shouldn't have awakened me, doctor."

"Why not?"

"I can't explain very well, but I was experiencing a wonderful sensation. It was all shining blue oceans and wonderful music, and I never felt so well before, and so . . ."

His head dropped, and he was dead!

3 Minutes

Oxford, England. Three minutes after the doctor pronounced her dead of heart disease, Daisy Allen was revived by an injection, and artificial respiration.

"I heard faint music," she described her experience. "Everything was very peaceful and quiet . . . I seemed to be suspended . . . There was no pain, no terror—only peace and rest."

4½ Minutes

Arley, England. While Dr. P. G. Mills was operating on John Puckering, the patient's heart stopped beating and

he was pronounced dead. The surgeon opened the chest and massaged the heart, and revived the man in four and a half minutes.

"What I saw during my brief spell of death," said Puckering, "has made me regret I ever came back. . . . The grave has no terrors."

5 Minutes

Aberdeen, Washington. Theodore Prinz was brought into a hospital after an auto accident and pronounced dead. Five minutes later he was revived.

"When I went under," he said, "I seemed to float into a soft darkness. There was great peacefulness and rich contentment. . . ."

10 Minutes

Johnstown, Pa. Cornelius Snyder suffered a sunstroke and was taken to a hospital and pronounced dead. Ten minutes later the doctor revived him.

"I felt as if I were sinking into a deep pit," the patient explained. "It was not an unpleasant feeling . . . Everything sort of melted away . . . I don't remember anything else until I woke up." —DR. W. E. FARBSTAIN

SUMMER STAGES

*IT'S NO TRICK TO KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM
NOW THAT THE SUMMER THEATRE HAS COME ALONG*



BROADWAY and Hollywood work hard through fall, winter, and spring. In the summertime, Broadway and Hollywood like to relax. In the summertime, they let their actors loose on the American countryside. The countryside used to be unprepared for the deluge, but in time an invention

came along to accommodate all the strolling players. That invention is known as summer theatre. It answers for all time a question that was originally propounded in a popular song: "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Broadway?"

You keep 'em down by giving 'em a

THE STAGE OF THE COUNTY THEATRE IN SUFFERN, NEW YORK, SET FOR REHEARSAL





COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT KEHL

A LOCAL THEATREGOER CATCHES A SHOW

taste of fresh air and hayseed; by letting 'em work in easy summer stages where there are no klieg lights or high-powered officials. You give the Hollywood boys and girls a chance to act before real people and the Broadway crowd a chance to get warmed up for the job hunt in the fall.

Many ladies and gentlemen from Hollywood poured out of the studios and made straight for summer theatre. In the ranks were Sylvia Sidney, Fred Stone, Jane Wyatt, Mary Brian, Aline MacMahon, Jean Muir. From Broadway, of course, came the bulk of summer actors—too numerous to mention—for summer theatre has

come to be the annex to Broadway.

It is all quite significant. The country is speckled with little stages where new actors learn their trade and old ones sharpen it. Most of the summer stages are small and cozy, conducive to the wonderful thing called "intimacy" which actors adore. But there are emporiums like the Municipal Opera in St. Louis and the Opera House in Central City, Colorado, run by impresarios who realize that the public lust for entertainment doesn't subside with summer, that there's gold in summer stages, and that actors like to act even when the barometer is choking.

—SIDNEY CARROLL



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT KEHL

SYLVIA SIDNEY

SYLVIA SIDNEY PLAYS "ACCENT ON YOUTH" AT THE WESTCHESTER PLAYHOUSE. On leave from Paramount, Miss Sidney makes a professional stop on the rural route. She pauses here, in between rehearsals. The sun glasses, the lawn, the knitting, the script of the play are symptoms of the paradoxical attractions of summer theatre. The pay is but a pittance, but the barnyard circuit affords good training along with vacation.

HELEN HAYES PLAYS PORTIA AT THE COUNTY THEATRE IN SUFFERN. Miss Hayes ventured into summer theatre once before, when she played *Caesar and Cleopatra* at the same County Theatre. But this summer was the first in which she tried out a play which she aims in the direction of Broadway, thereby giving the whole institution of summer theatre a long lift upward. The County Theatre was accorded the honor because Miss Hayes happens to be a neighbor.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM, NEW YORK

HELEN HAYES

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PIAGET—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

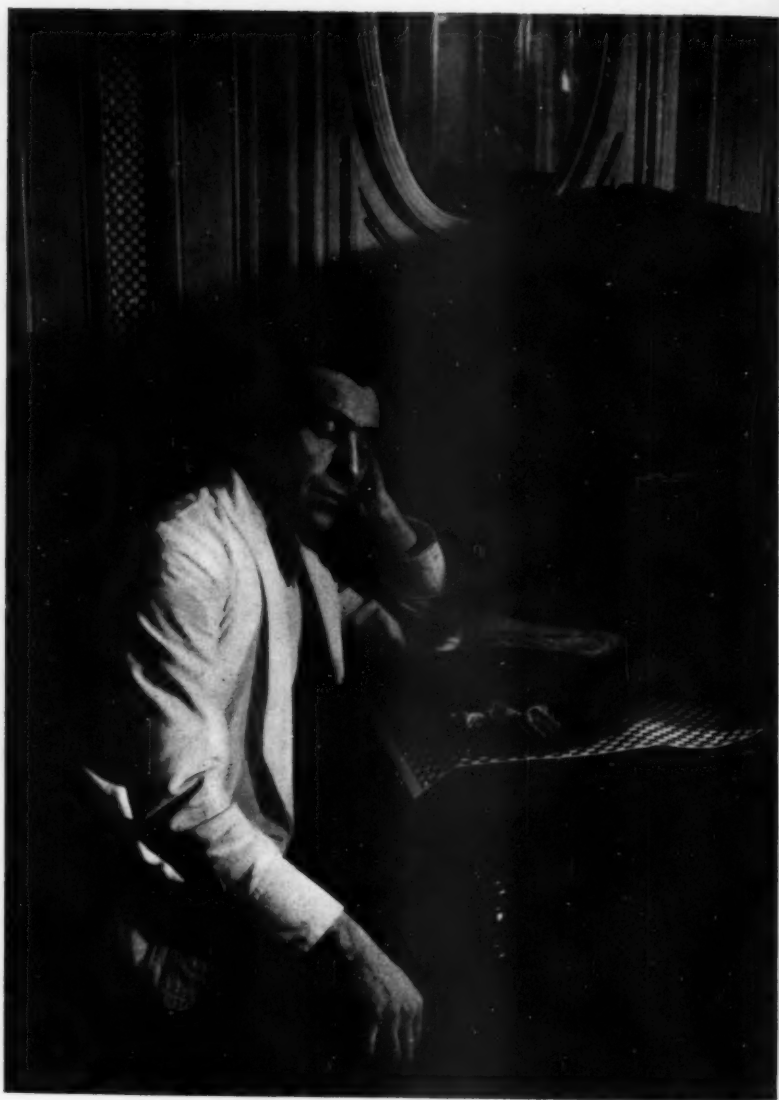
ST. LOUIS ENTERTAINS ON A LAVISH SCALE

IN ST. LOUIS THEY PLAY BIG-TIME OPERAS AND OPERETTAS WITH BIG-TIME STARS ON A BIG STAGE. Every summer St. Louis gets its big dose of theatre in the form of "muni" opera. In an enormous amphitheatre that seats a fair portion of the population of St. Louis and environs every night, the members of the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company play favorites from standard opera repertory, from Broadway musical comedies of recent vintage, and from the Victor Herbert-Gilbert and Sullivan school. In the group above, singing a quartet from *The Bartered Bride*, you may detect three such well-known opera stars as Joseph Bentonelli, Suzanne Fisher, and George Rasely.



Fatigue
A Portfolio of Six Photographs
By Brassai of Paris

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OPEN ALL NIGHT

CORONET

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LABOR LOST

OCTOBER, 1938



SURRENDER

CORONET

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SURCEASE

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FAUTE DE MIEUX

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ERNEST COQUELET

WHO, THOUGH NOT PIOUS, IS THE WORLD'S CHAMPION BIBLE READER

THOUGH he has read the Bible more than any man of all time, Ernest Coquelet isn't especially religious and knows few passages by heart. He is lone proof reader for the American Bible Society. He proofs in thirty-two languages but speaks only six, so most of the time has no idea what he's reading. When correcting galleys in Zulu or Polynesian, he just follows the manuscript. Hardest language is Mam,

dialect of a primitive tribe in Central America. A misplaced period or apostrophe may lead the reader far from the Biblical lesson. One of his toughest assignments was rushing through four foreign editions for Allied soldiers. He almost collapsed before finishing. The Society offers \$5 to anyone finding typographical errors. They have paid only \$15 since Mr. Coquelet began wielding the blue pencil.

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REX HICKS

*WHO ROVES HIS BEAT
AS LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER
OF THE DESERT WASTES*

CALLING Rex Hicks. Trip eight just passed over Indio. Beacon out." Rex Hicks in the desert heard the pilot's call on his radio, jumped into his truck and started for the beacon. That time a caterpillar had crawled into the fuel line. Air beacons seldom go out because they are inspected regularly. But things do happen occasionally and the patrolman must be ready to fix them. People have stolen the gasoline that runs them or shot out lights for sport—both Federal offenses. Hicks' beat is from Long Beach, California, to Colorado River. Once he carried scant food, planned to shoot quail and rabbits for meat. He slept on the ground, woke to find his shells and knife gone, a small heap of sticks and stones in their place. The pack rat fortunately made the mistake of coming back once more, though, and Hicks followed the thieving rodent to its hole and retrieved his belongings.

LORENE TUTTLE

*WHOSE THREE YEARS IN
RADIO WAS A BUILD-UP
TO AN AWFUL LET-DOWN*

FOR three years Lorene Tuttle understudied all female roles on radio's Hollywood Hotel program. For three years she learned the lines, went to rehearsals, appeared for shows, received her check—but never went on the air. Sometimes while playing with her little daughter (she is Mrs. Mel Ruick in private) Lorene must have let her fancy gently wander to the possibility of someone breaking a leg or coming down with cholera morbus. Not that she wished anyone bad luck. Then her chance came. Alice Faye had a cold, couldn't do the show. Miss Tuttle was called. Her name was announced. Perhaps as she stood awaiting her cue she visioned audiences in New York listening to her voice coming over CBS from California. She may even have thought a bit about fan mail. But that day California floods reached their crest; power lines broke. Lorene's voice didn't get out of Los Angeles.



OCTOBER, 1938



W. D. SHEA

WHO THINKS UP THOSE TRICKY ADDRESSES YOU SEE ON CABLES

All the 25,000 cable addresses used in New York are assigned by W. D. Shea. He manages Central Bureau for Registered Addresses (cable REGBUREAU) maintained by seven communications companies to avoid confusion of codes. Shea and three assistants work out about four hundred new ones a month. In the beginning—in 1919—he thought up those little words himself. Addresses

are carefully guarded to prevent messages being picked up by curious business competitors with special equipment. Some munitions and financial firms have as many as two hundred different addresses. Many industries have their own codes. In these cases, one code word often will replace twelve. Example: JEMIP means "Please take delivery of my automobile and store it until instructed further."



MRS. A. S. C. FORBES

WHOSE MADE-TO-MEASURE BELLS ARE HEARD ON LAND AND SEA

A PERFECTLY cast bell—one that needs no tuning—is rare and priceless as a Stradivarius," says Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes of Los Angeles. Said to be the only woman bell-maker in the country, her products, designed to order, are found on ranches and ships, in churches, clubs and assemblies in almost every state and in many foreign countries. Foundry cast, they are finished in her home workshop. She be-

came interested in bells in her childhood and has spent much time studying the chimes, peals and carillons of Europe. When she returned to California she decided to try reviving interest in the old Mission bells that once thrilled the aboriginal Indians. With a veteran bellsmith she began modestly in 1914, making small souvenir replicas of the choicest specimens still hanging in the Missions.



MRS. E. D. PEPPLE

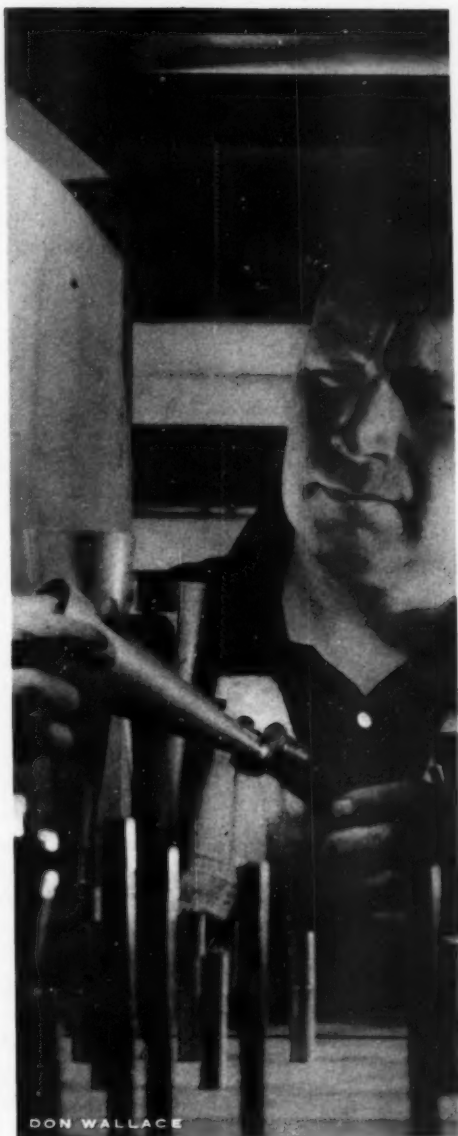
*WHO MAKES IT HER
BUSINESS TO BOTHER
FOR OTHER PEOPLE*

SHE wasn't going to bother about anything—just take life easy. Mrs. E. D. Pepple was ready to settle in an easy chair and let life entertain her. She decided her motto was going to be "Why bother?" Then the little matter of income became a problem. There must be lots of others who didn't want to bother, she thought, and having the first requisite to serving them—a sympathetic attitude—she might as well go into the business of bothering for them. That was just a few years ago. Now the list of Chicago patrons of her business reads like the Blue Book. Mrs. Pepple will re-open and clean your house if you've been away, and have dinner on the table for your return. She'll catalogue your library, investigate charity appeals, publicize your club bazaar, prepare a speech for that talk next Wednesday, shop, arrange a wedding or party—anything with which you don't want to bother.

C. M. BALCOM

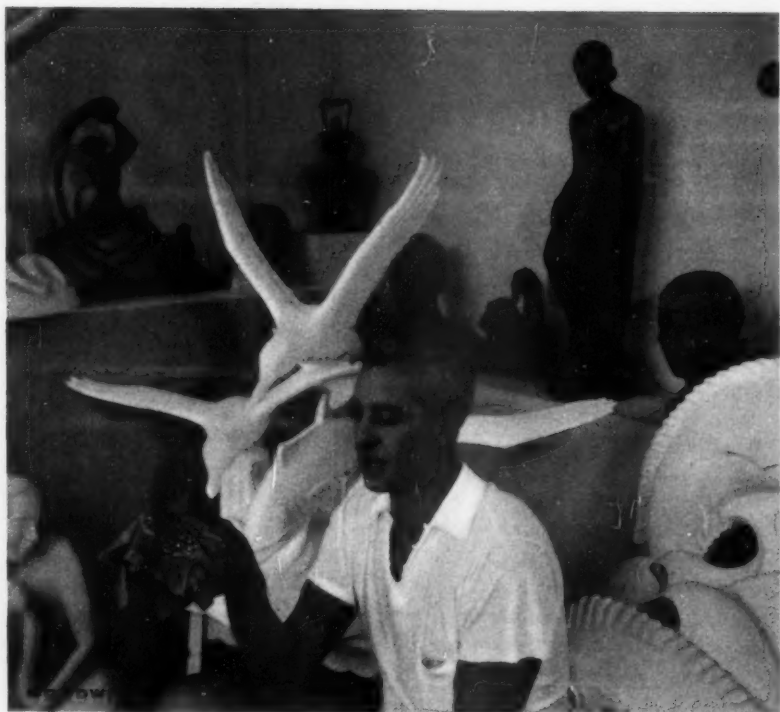
WHO ATTUNES ORGAN
MUSIC TO THE NEEDS
OF A STREAMLINED AGE

SO EXCESSIVELY modest and anxious not to take undue credit to himself is C. M. (Sandy) Balcom that he says he only *thinks* that hot swing-music stops he installed in CBS' Hollywood studio pipe organ are his exclusive design. It takes about five weeks for two men to set up an elaborate organ of this kind, a week and a half for an ordinary church instrument. As half of Balcom & Vaughn, he has set up organs in beer halls, churches and homes from Mexico to Alaska. He installed the northernmost pipes in a Fairbanks theatre. Until he speeded the tempo of the pipe organ in 1926 to match the frantic tempo of vaudeville, organs weren't as fast as they are today. After that he was swamped with orders from all over the country. He is an expert on radio installation, too. The minute he hears an organ on the air he can tell if he tuned it. "Each has a personality all its own," he says.



DON WALLACE

OCTOBER, 1938



GUSTAV BOHLAND

WHO LAUGHED LAST, AND IS MAKING JEWELS FROM FISH EYES

WHEN Gustav Bohland looks a fish in the eye, it is with the analytical scrutiny of a jeweler. Four years ago this sculptor, medalist and naturalist became a fisherman to enrich his knowledge of natural life. Always chasing fish around south Florida, he provoked his wife to query, "What do you suppose you look like to the fish?" His curiosity started him on a series of experiments with the crystalline

lenses of the eyes of fish he caught. Success came to him in gleaming, transparent gems which he named Florida Crystal Pearls. They reflect light with piercing brilliance, and will bounce like rubber, puzzling jewel experts. Once a champion javelin thrower, "Barnacle Gus" prefers to take his fish by gigging them. His pride is the gem, half inch in diameter, which came from a fifty-pound tarpon.

PEACEFUL WARRIOR

GENTLY DID CLARENCE H. WHITE WAGE—
AND WIN—PHOTOGRAPHY'S EARLY BATTLES



EVERY once in a while there recurs a gentle, Bach-like soul who makes music almost without meaning to.

Clarence H. White did not intend to be famous. He had no burning quest for fortune; the Left Bank meant no more to him than the far side of the Ohio. Success stole up behind him while he was resting.

A Hokinson woman once cornered him at an early exhibition: "Tell me, Mr. White," she coyly inquired, "do you consider yourself an Impressionist?" "No," said Mr. White, "I'm in the clerical department of a wholesale business house."

He was born for the express purpose of illustrating Mr. Emerson's mouse-trap. His modesty was of little help. His shyness proved to be no safe-

guard at all. The world trekked to Newark, Ohio, and introduced itself.

★ ★ ★

It takes a certain discipline to write this story, so far does it run from reality. It is a story of success in a new and softer sense. It is a Victorian idyll, more fragile than the subway world.

Clarence H. White wanted to be a painter. He forgot about it because his father did not want a pauper in the family. Unwittingly remaining himself, he became

one of the greatest pictorialists of his time.

Born in 1871, in the little hill town of West Carlisle, Ohio, he moved shortly to Newark, Ohio, a city lifted bodily from Sherwood Anderson. Here he became a bookkeeper, contentedly stretching out an eleven-hour day.



*Self-portrait:
Clarence H. White*

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Six years passed. He married—and bought a bicycle.

His wife, Jane Felix, was admirably named. She was to be his conspirator, dark room helper, business adviser, and "Protean model."

For their honeymoon, the Whites took a trip to the World's Fair in St. Louis. Together they saw their first "fine art"—on the canvas itself. Clarence H. White had read art magazines; he had intuitive taste, an exceptional memory. He looked long and squarely at the exhibits and carried home a gallery.

Then he bought a box camera.

On their bicycle jaunts together there was a need for snapshots; and snapshots he made ready to take.

They began to get up earlier and earlier. Business began at seven; to get pictures taken they would start out at 4 a.m. Shots would be planned the preceding night.

Mrs. White arranged costumes, rehearsed scenes, called in sisters, friends, neighbors for the posing. More often she posed herself.

The following year Clarence H. White selected some of the pictures he liked best and sent them to the exhibit of the Ohio Photographers Association, at Cincinnati. To his own surprise and chagrin, he walked off with the gold medal.

The night of the award was convention night. He was called on to speak. A critic demanded to know why he did what he did.

White was in a jam. He didn't

know what he did, and much less why he did it.

A certain Mr. Minz got up and saved the night. He asked a question unseating question A. "Isn't it true," he asked, "that artists were made before rules?"

Nobody in the hall seemed to be quite sure whether it was before or after. The question was dropped.

Then Professor Walter Beck of the Cincinnati Museum, made a speech. "Here," said he, "is a man ten years ahead of his time . . ."

* * *

There were two distinguishing qualities to the Whites in that showing. First, they were simple, with little background; by contrast, competing pictures looked like pages from the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Clarence H. White could not afford a good lens, fully corrected; the result was interesting softness and diffusion—liquid sun turned into a spray.

Interested in the "average" reaction, the Whites slipped into the gallery behind strangers. "That man White," said the first, "ought to be shot for such monstrosities . . ."

An artist, just back from Europe, took one look at White's prints and said: "*Sacre*, what's to become of us if a machine can do things like these."

* * *

As another year passed, White posed Mrs. White here, Mrs. White there. He took more pictures of the neighbors. He experimented, shooting white against white, black against black.



WOMAN WITH VENUS, 1897

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WOMAN WITH HARP, 1898

CORONET

Then, in 1898, he sent ten prints to the Philadelphia Salon—the full quota allowed. Not only were all accepted, but White was asked to be one of the judges for the following year.

Clarence H. White had marched up Parnassus with his eyes closed, never asking himself if it was right or wrong, or if that was where he wanted to go.

In his innocent travels he installed innovations. He was probably the first person, for example, to photograph against the light. Said Mrs. White, sweetly: "He didn't know it was unethical."

Many of White's plates were underexposed, thin; difficult to print from. "Today," says Mrs. White, "there is a lot of stress on the technical side. But somehow Clarence never worried about that at all. He knew what he wanted to take . . . and he just went out and took it."

* * *

Among the judges at the Philadelphia Salon were Gertrude Kasebier and F. Holland Day—both names to be conjured with in 1898. With voices hoarse from shouting, they said: "Go on to New York . . . see Stieglitz."

Clarence H. White saw Stieglitz.

Stieglitz arranged things. The next year, a hundred of Clarence H. White's prints were shown at the New York Camera Club.

There was a loud clamor.

Then from all parts of the world the faithful began a steady trek to Newark.

It should be remembered that this was only 1899. Clarence White had

started taking "snapshots" in 1894. The curve covers five years.

Newark became a second Bayreuth. To Mrs. White it was embarrassing.

Gertrude Kasebier came. Lorado Taft came. Hundreds of white-haired pilgrims to see this white-headed boy.

His pictures began to hang in Glasgow, Paris, Brussels, Turin, Vienna, and The Hague. Stieglitz made gravures of them for *Camera Work*. *McClure's Magazine* called for pictures to illustrate Clara Morris' *Beneath the Wrinkle*. Pictures were made for Irving Bacheller's book, *Eben Holden*.

Many of the pictures were costume affairs. When they were hung in other cities, the impression got around that people in Newark still wore crinoline and hoopskirts. "There," it was said, "is a city time never touched."

* * *

On the other hand, all was not balm from Gilead. Critics began to make out their perennial case histories in abnormal psychology. White's work was called "unhealthy," "morbid," "ugly," "degenerate."

It is a depressing thing to review this cycle every time a new artist turns up. Bach to Beethoven to Wagner; Cézanne to gentle Clarence White—cannonading the first years, canonizing the next.

Progress is a poppy-smoker's dream.

One F. Dundas Todd, who edited *The Photo Beacon*, and who piped shrilly in his day, opened with this blast:

"I have sadly come to the con-



MRS. HANNAH MOORE, 1906

clusion that where Clarence H. White is not an imitator, he is a lover of what is positively ugly. His steep, sloping floors are a trick plagiarized from Chase; his portraits of plain women

are his own. No more atrocious thing was ever flung in the public face than the portrait of Miss E. F. I emphatically protest against the taste of the photographic public being demoral-



DEWDROPS, 1902

ized by such work being exhibited as artistic, beautiful, ennobling."

Fortunately, this was no "cubistical" conflict. Most American opinion was cordial, as a statistical record of

ribbons, medals, and honorary awards will show.

★ ★ ★

By now the bookkeeping job was an 11-hour bore. Three times he tried

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to resign; three times he was persuaded to hold on.

Another job was offered in Pittsburgh—an excellent job as buyer for a wholesale grocery house. This was a needed neutralizer for the pull of the first. White turned his back on both, built himself a studio.

This was 1906.

It was a decisive year. Old ties were loosened, new planes probed.

Stieglitz and others had been putting pressure on him to come to New York. He had no moral right to hide his lens under a bushel.

It came to pass that the same year Clarence H. White opened a studio, he closed it and entrained for New York.

Stieglitz, who was everybody's mother and father, had already been out smoothing the way. A chair had been built for photography, at Columbia; all Clarence White was expected to do was sit in it—teach Fine Arts 7.

Again, White found fame forcing him into a corner. He had had no formal education: in fact never studied anything. How could he be expected to function as a professor?

Mrs. White took the offensive. "You know, Clarence, you have a message. And after all, that's what teaching really is. You'll just have to teach."

So Clarence H. White reluctantly climbed the rostrum and became the greatest teacher photography ever had.

★ ★ ★

In the interim, a studio was set up on Union Square. White got down to

serious picture making on his own. He helped *Photo-Secession* secede; and people like Debs, Maude Adams, and Nazimova paraded in front of his lens.

Medals came in by every mail.

By 1908, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences had followed Columbia in electing White to the faculty. Academicians as well as Secessionists began waving the White flag.

There were the schools . . . and the teaching.

In 1910 the first sprang up. Assisted by F. Holland Day and Max Weber, Clarence H. White opened a summer school on the ocean rocks at Seguinland, Maine.

Again pilgrims took to the trail.

From this Maine nucleus the present school grew, functioning both formally and intimately in the heart of the city.

Pupils accumulated. And White, whose first love was people, gave less and less time to his own work. His influence spread; the influence of the whole "Secession" movement spread. Soon photographers took their stand, in America, like mailboxes.

One tragic day in July, 1925, he took a group of students to Mexico City for pictorial work. The combination of strain and altitude was too much. A sudden heart attack seized him. The one happy note is that he died doing what he had come to care for most.

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Teaching, in later years, had become his central passion. Stieglitz taught in-

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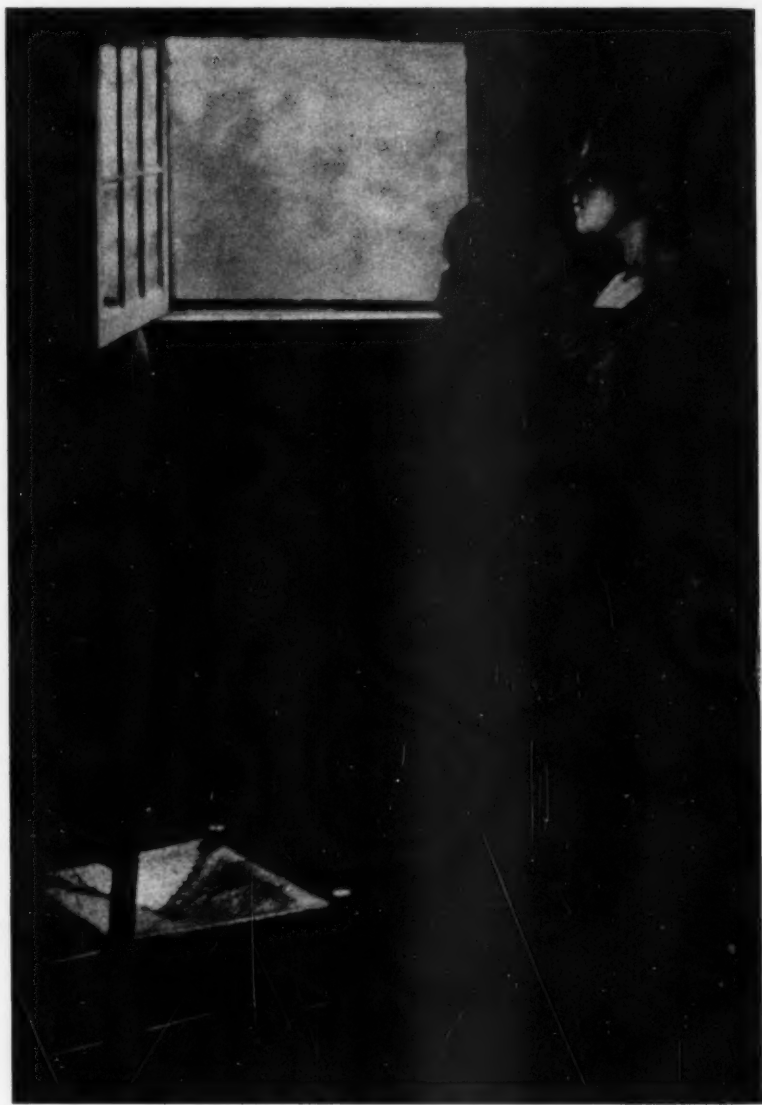
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WOMAN WITH CRYSTAL GLOBE, 1905

OCTOBER, 1938



GIRL WITH MIRROR, 1912

CORONET

directly, pamphleteering, exhibiting, giving unasked-for lectures. White taught formally, and constantly, to the sacrifice of his own later work. Margaret Bourke-White, Anton Bruehl, Ira W. Martin, Paul Outerbridge, Ralph Steiner, and Doris Ullman were among his pupils.

No "Secessionist" was a stauncher advocate of the camera as an independent medium.

"The camera is constantly revealing new truths," said White. "In this it is an instrument of science. But it is also revealing new beauties. Thus it is an instrument of art. It sees things that the artist does not see . . . and it reveals them ruthlessly."

In his own work he was as disinterested in outside relations as a Giotto or Van Gogh. He did what he wanted to do, precisely because he wanted to do it. That his work caused a stir, that schools formed around him and camps ranged against him were accidents of nature.

In the early years he was once asked how he achieved such perfect balance among his lights and shadows. Like Molière's hero, he had been writing prose all his life and never knew it.

If he had had more money, in those days, he would have bought a better lens and taken sharper pictures; the "soft, mystic effects" of the pioneer prints were like the "healthy tan" of a man adrift in an open boat.

His sudden ascent to the world stage was no less surprising to him than hers was to Mrs. Dionne. Nor,

indeed, was it any less perplexing.

Clarence H. White and his wife were essentially small town people. They loved Newark, Ohio. Newark, Ohio, loved them. Neighbors and townspeople considered themselves part of the pictures, and the pictures part of Newark.

The Whites gave Newark its first exhibitions; threw open their house as a gallery.

The Whites formed a local camera club whose fame soon spread to Europe; the work was looked on as "of the White School."

Here, at last, was an artist not at war with his environment.

Today, Mrs. White still talks and feels and acts as proud member of a small but clear-minded community. She still calls it "our town." She hopes to raise money for a "Newark Museum."

* * *

Indeed, it is hard to think of Clarence H. White as having been at war with anything.

He loved people in the Franciscan sense. He grew up among workers in the biggest stove factory in the world, sided with left, became a Socialist.

His way was quiet, sure, asking virtually nothing of anyone. He goes down as an artist "without eccentricity of any kind"—unless that is the greatest of all eccentricities.

He had an inner fineness that made his work glow. He lived quietly, happily, fully, without wrestling with angels or rattling old bones.

—ROBERT W. MARKS

CONFEDS IN BRAZIL

SLAVERY FLOURISHED IN THE LAND OF PEARLS,
AS SOME GENTLEMEN LEARNED ONLY TOO WELL



JUST at the close of our Civil War, thousands of defeated Southerners, still calling themselves rebels or "defunct rebs," suffered so severely from defeat and after-war restlessness that they wanted to leave this country behind for good. Lured by land agents who made contracts in Mexico and South America to bring in so many head of well-to-do North American immigrants, these Southerners fell specially hard for Brazil and devoured such wishful literature as "Hunting a Home in Brazil," "The Emigrant's Guide to Brazil," and inspired verses like these published early in 1866 by the *New Orleans Daily Picayune*:

O, give me a ship with sail and
with wheel,
And let me be off to happy Brazil!
Home of the sunbeam—great
kingdom of heat,
With woods evergreen, and snake
forty feet!
Land of the diamond—bright
nation of pearls,
With monkeys aplenty, and
Portuguese girls!
They were offered, besides, "wanton
waves," "sweet mermaids," "all night

in hammocks to swing," "perpetual spring," and "a taste of Brazil's guanaco meat"; so, being of rather headlong romantic natures anyway, flocks of beaten Confederates packed their wives, babies, rocking chairs, gold-handled riding crops, wash tubs, julep glasses, full dress swords, cat o' nine tails, and whatever slaves they had left, into chartered boats and set sail, mostly from the port of New Orleans or down the Mississippi, straight out for Brazil where slave-owning remained legal.

Those pioneering families that made the long trek into the interior of Brazil started out well enough heeled, but chiefly in Confederate currency—they paid \$200 a head from Alabama to Sao Paulo where they were promised good plantations at from 22 cents to \$2.00 an acre, so \$2,000 capital was the minimum needed for the trip, new land, and a year's food; but most families took along many times that amount.

Yet they had tough going right from the start, in spite of the fact that genial Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, did greet them in person, tasted their

white flour bread for the first time, patted babies' cheeks, and said "Welcome, Senhores!" in Portuguese to dignified Dixie Colonels in smart uniforms and goatees.

Dom Pedro was so hopeful of this vigorous injection of blue-blooded, moneyed aristocracy into his poor Indian-Portuguese-Negro melting pot that he agreed to accept them as citizens exempt from military duty, furnish free provisions, transportation wherever possible, and converted one of his enormous palaces into "The Emigrants' Hotel" where newly-arrived "rebs" were his guests in batches of three hundred for weeks at a time, before they took off to carve new fortunes out of the jungle—by proxy, of course, through gleaming machetes in the hands of their slaves. These loyal retainers were mostly old, wrinkled and horny-handed, but they shared the spirit of adventure and worked with a will, singing cotton-picking chants as they toted their masters' luxuries and finery ashore when the chartered Arks tied up in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

But in the case of the majority of early arrivals, no sooner had they landed than they learned that the bales and sea chests full of pink and blue tinted Confederate notes they had brought along had been outlawed during their long sojourn at sea. Some heads of families managed to change a few of the now worthless bills at a big discount and even picked up local slaves at bargain prices, but

soon they were down to swopping the family plate to get equipment for the trip into the interior.

They hadn't counted on the softening process of slave-holding for generations, nor the fiercer climate and insect enemies in Brazil—though they found by talking French with interpreters that there were no snakes "forty feet long" in the vicinity they were headed for, and, alas, none of that rare "guanaco meat" the poet had promised; anyway none this side of Peru. Yet they decided to march ahead in spite of hell and high water, and the exodus from Rio was on. Slaves, old and new, crammed sea chests, feather beds, trundle beds, cradles, baskets, and bags of bread, blanket-rolls, sewing machines, wash boards, and a pianoforte or two, all the impedimenta of homeseekers, into stage coaches, covered wagons and creaking oxcarts. Then wives and children were lifted into those rocking chairs they'd brought from home, set securely in the center of toppling loads, and a few lucky black Mamies were allowed to crawl aboard to be handy for suckling the white babies, wiping bigger brothers' noses and handing the mistress her silk parasol or lace fan when equatorial heat began baking brains, and made them all wish they hadn't come. The bankrupt "masters" posted alongside on mules and rough, uncurried Brazilian nags—while the slaves themselves trudged over difficult new terrain on bare feet that soon began to bleed

from strange stabbing jungle thorns and insects.

One such cavalcade of several hundred souls blazed its way through the wilderness far beyond the then tiny town of Sao Paulo to their promised land in Santa Barbara. The whites suffered, too, from unwonted exposure to sun, rain, and swampy miasmas, so after exhausting weeks on the trail, when finally the plucky cavalcade straggled onto their new lands to build Robinson Crusoe huts out of logs, wattle and daub with palmetto thatch and sepoy vines to hold everything together, many were already shaking with ague, chills and fever, or suffering acutely from dyspepsia, while some of the exhausted Negroes just lay down and died. To the colonists' dismay, every sack of bread and flour had been used up on the road, so they unpacked more of the family plate, beat their way through bad trails to the nearest plantations, called fazendas, to trade them in for mandioca meal.

Hoveling like aborigines on dirt floors, mud walls adrip with tropical rains and ahop with strange "bichos"—a vast multitude of ferocious flies, bugs, and mosquitoes—they huddled shaking with chills and fever, faced with famine.

But the biggest lack of all was slaves, right where manual labor was most needed, and since the Southern gentlemen didn't like to toil in person, they organized hunts and fishing parties to supply game while wives

and children squatted like squaws on the edge of the ever encroaching jungle, doing their own washing on rough stones in the streams, ironing and keeping house for the first time in those one-roomed shacks crudely curtained off, or partitioned with heaped up baggage. The sugar sack was hung from the ceiling by a tarred rope to keep army ants from gobbling it all. A hand to hand grappling with nature, everlasting struggle against that green hell creeping up around them, suffocating them, choking, garroting.

But somehow they managed to dig right into that virgin soil Dom Pedro had given them on such easy terms—4½ cents an acre annually for five years. At last, like so many other newly-landed Pilgrims, they joined forces to build bigger and better homes with both doors and windows. They ploughed communal fields to keep the jungle back, just as their forefathers had built stockades to keep out the Indians, and following the lead of the Puritans, soon built their own Methodist Church (South). But the cemetery grew to accommodate corpses, the whites buried within the fence and equipped with primitive headstones, the blacks shoveled into shallow holes at the edge of the clearing.

Women and children learned to weave rush mats and straw hats, everybody turned a hand to making rustic furniture that soon took the place of those scarred old sea chests that had served for both beds and

chairs. But the cotton they'd put their faith in just wouldn't thrive; the soil wasn't right for the tobacco, and when they turned to coffee that did little better.

Then slowly but surely success came to our Santa Barbara colonists . . . through planting Georgia watermelon seeds. Sweet-toothed Brazilians came in grinning from leagues around to creak away with cartloads of Tom Watsons and Cuban Queens the second they were ripe. So before long everybody was planting this great cash crop and soon hauling it in antiquated oxcarts to the railroad station thirty miles away where it fetched a good price. As the years went on the Government built them a road to the Sao Paulo Railway and one season a hundred carloads of melons were shipped. Through American ingenuity, spring wagons and buckboards began to take the place of oxcarts. Even though the slaves grew more independent and ran away and the people of Brazil double-crossed them by abolishing slavery in 1889, the settlement continued to grow, split into two towns, called Nova Odessa and Villa Americana, that celebrated together every Fourth of July, with fervor—and watermelons. When the railway came to its door, it became, in fact, the most successful of all Confederate colonization attempts.

During a decade spent in Brazil, 1920-30, the writer of this article heard so many stories and met so many descendants of the original Villa

Americana settlers, that I decided to make the two hundred mile railway trip from Sao Paulo and see what was left after sixty years.

My wife and I arrived at the once all-American town at noon, saw a few measly bolls of cotton, but couldn't find a single person who spoke English. We got to the cemetery, however, where we knew about four hundred compatriots lay buried behind the high stone walls. But it was locked and it took a five-cent piece and a whole hour for a smiling little black boy to bring his father with the key.

We visited the church first, with its austere Puritanism, pulpit of unpainted pine, backless pews with hymn books and in one corner a rickety portable organ of the Moody and Sankey style, some choir leader had brought along. There was a rough choir box, too, and a big Bible bound in brass to withstand the pounding.

"Did the slaves build this?" we asked.

"Yeah, I reckon."

"How many did they bring along?"

"Oh, hundreds, I reckon, from the number of us descendants they left around." He patted the crisp curls of his black son, rolled a quid of tobacco under his tongue and we realized for the first time that he was not half horse and half man, but equal parts proud Southern white blood, pleasantly mixed with the black of their own slaves. That had been a sort of scandal among us modern Americans in Rio who whispered how the Villa

Americanistas had distintegrated, fallen under the soft spell of the tropics in that "Land of the diamond—bright nation of pearls, with monkeys aplenty, and Portuguese girls!"

"They had a purty hard time of it for years, all account of them damned Yankees," our guide went on. "Traded off their ostrich feathers, Duchess lace, gold brooches, homespun bedspreads, fans and satins for food, seed and stock. My great-great-grandmammy had her spoons with the old English crest on them traded in down in Santos for just their weight in quinine. And them that's lyin' out here in the graveyard got down to hackin' weeds with their gilt-hilted dress swords for machetes."

A smiling middle-aged woman passed us on the road, driving a smart little station cart, her cheeks were high colored, her lips full and red, set off by a glowing brown skin.

"That's a granddaughter of Colonel Aldrich, one of the original settlers around here," said our guide. "Not many of us left. I'm the only one of our family still hanging around. All the rest of 'em came out lighter than me," he grinned, "so one's a doctor in Pernambuco, another a lawyer in Sao Paulo and the youngest a dentist in Rio." He mounted his pony. "Down by the station you-all look sharp an' you'll see some that can't talk English anymore, most of 'em can't even read or write, but they're pretty proud of being Americans. They're scattered all around Nova Odessa. An' we're

not so durn proud of some that do nothing but ride around, begging from fazenda to fazenda."

And sure enough, while waiting for our train, we saw an odd old dusty couple begging on horseback; a man and his wife, fully sixty. Their faces and their bare feet with toes half eaten away by "bicho de pe," encrusted with dirt, their clothes nothing but rags. They wore comical scarecrow hats and both chewed tobacco, spitting into the road, sending up little splatters of dust as they pulled rein before a general store that advertised "Food for Man and Beast" and held out grimy begging talons to the proprietor.

Beneath dirt rings we saw they were pure white and suspected them of being Southerners by the haughty way they took the copper coin alms as their just due and rightful heritage. The man had a sort of proud ancestral nose, but the woman's face was too rum-bleared to contain evidence of anything. I took out a *milreis* coin, handed it to the beggar and asked in Portuguese, if he spoke English.

"Yeah," he drawled, pocketing the coin, "*un poco*, my pappy was like you-all Senhores—an *Americano*. *Sim, sim, verodarero!*"

"Me, too," his bedraggled squaw held out her begging bent bird claw to my wife. "Me *Americana tambem*, born right over there," she fluttered a tattered shawl that might have been a remnant of Southern finery and gave us a coy, one-toothed grin.

—BOB BROWN

What is Coronet?



The long, straight road that stretches endlessly is not the easiest road to travel —not if one wants peace of soul. The traveler on the straight road suffers with eyes that ache from the strain of following the monotonous ribbon before him, and a spirit heavy with the sameness of each mile.

But I'll take the pert, winding road that suddenly steals away from the highway . . . tempts the traveler into fragrant pine forests, across gurgling brooks . . . then, suddenly, up and around a mountain trail until he reaches the summit, breathless and dizzy.

This is CORONET. A winding road that beckons us from the traveled straightway into little-known paths where we experience adventures that lift the spirit, nourish the mind, and give peace to the soul.

F. C. B.

Midland, New Jersey